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A Book of Horrors!

THE CRIMES OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS IN UTAH.

BY A MORMON OF 1831.

A Demand for a Legislative Commission.

SAN FRANCISCO:

A. J. LEARY, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, 402-404 SANSOME STREET.

1884.

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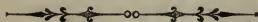
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INTRODUCTORY.

When it became known to certain of my friends that I contemplated writing a pamphlet on the Mormon Question, a number of the more prominent ones expressed themselves as being desirous of assisting me in every possible manner, and two of them—one a Senator, and the other a Governor of a State—proffered to write a preface to the work.

I intended to have accepted their services, as I knew their endorsement would assist me very materially in the circulation of my story, but on reading the action of the "Committee on Mormon Polygamy" at the Cincinnati Methodist Conference in October, I decided to adopt it, thinking it a fitting prelude to the startling facts which the succeeding pages will present to the reader.

Following is the report :

"Mormonism is not a religion. It is a crime, therefore cannot be entitled to protection and tolerance under the laws and Constitution of the United States as a matter of conscience. It is not a religious superstition, but a system of masked sensuality, and hence subversive of every principle of morality, and abhorrent to every feeling of virtue. It is not even a spiritual delusion, and therefore cannot be condoned on the ground that it is a hallucination or innocent mistake in prophecy. It is a preconcerted infernal scheme, partly mercenary, partly political, and chiefly licentious. It was originated in the deepest depravity, and is fed by three motives—money, power and lust. It aims to diffuse itself by pandering to the lowest depravities of human nature. When this cannot be done directly, on account of the natural revolts of instinctive virtue to the monstrous proposition of the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes under the guise of marriage, a resort is had to deception and falsehood. They take advantage of the ignorance, poverty, degradation and fanaticism of some persons, and of the unsuspecting credulity of unwary youth. They first dupe then doom their victims. It is romance and heaven in representation until liberty, virtue and respectability are lost ; then it is slavery and debauch.

When the so-called multitudinous wives become mothers, the finest property in human nature is made the strongest support of this abomination—the property of maternal affection. Being themselves beguiled women, disgraced, and having entailed that disgrace upon their offspring, they see no hope of respectability for their children but by making polygamy respectable, and that can only be done by making a plurality of wives legal and illegitimate children legitimate. As this cannot be done under the Constitution and laws of the United States, a necessity is created for an independent sovereignty. This generates the

spirit of rebellion and prompts Mormons to increase their numbers and strength by importations, illegitimate births, and by the corruption and bribery of politicians. The work of rotten increase, we are informed, is going on with alarming rapidity. The wretched plague spot is spreading into all our Territories and some of the States. By concealment and perjury they evade the laws and defeat the Commission provided for by Congress and appointed by the President, to arrest the evil. And such are the meshes, the slavery, and the new affections and interests involved in the progress of the system, that few defections from Mormonism occur, and still fewer converts to Christianity are made from their number. It is already so rooted in the soil, the politics, the family life, and the religious fanaticism of that part of the country, that nothing but prompt and extreme measures will eradicate the evil. And unless the Government shall immediately take decisive steps to exterminate the abomination, it will soon acquire such dimensions and potency as to render it impossible to remove the evil by legislation, or any civil measures. Indeed, it is the belief of some well-informed men now, that this dreadful ulcer can only be removed by a resort to arms. We may at least conclude that delay in the application of civil remedies will soon call into requisition the sacrifice of life and the price of blood, or we must submit to have our virgin soil permanently stained with the foulest system of corruption and depravity that ever saw the light in a civilized and Christian country.

Now, with such a huge evil confronting us, what is being done to abate the nuisance? Almost nothing. Ever since the appointment of the Congressional Commission there has been a seeming lull in our feelings of repugnance to the great sin, an abatement of interest in the subject; shall we not say a guilty suspension of effort for its abolition? We have gone to sleep on the brink of a volcano! We seem to have settled down, and seated ourselves to breathe in the malarial of Mormonism for indefinite years. While Mormon agents are exploring the worst places of the Old World, and the dark places of our own land, and recruiting their deluded forces by hundreds every month, we relax energy and dismiss the subject. While Mormons are breathing the errors of their system into the heart of society, we come to the discussion of the subject with lassitude and feeble convictions. Mormon polygamy was dropped out of the list of standing committees this year, and when a committee was extemporized as an afterthought, we fear it was with no deep and stirring solicitude in relation to an evil which has been a standing menace to the purity of society for fifty years.

Unless we awake and bestir ourselves, it is our conviction that the children who are now born will pay the price of our apathy with their blood and life. We know that preparations are now being made to educate Mormon children, and thus to alienate them from the dissoluteness of the system. In this we rejoice. We would educate Mormons, Mohammedans and heathens, under Christian influences if we could.

Now, what is the duty of the Church and State, the Christian and the citizen? It is to agitate and diffuse intelligence, to quicken the national conscience, to rouse the Churches to combine all civil and religious forces against the stupendous wrongs, and never relax our efforts until its extirpation from the land, root and branch, shall be secured.

Coinciding with Daniel Webster in the statement, that the first step toward the removal of any evil is to expose it, we offer the following proposition for adoption :

Resolved, That Mormonism threatens the morality, peace, virtue and integrity of the state.

Resolved, That Mormonism is violative of every instinct of virtue, and incompatible with every principle of the Christian religion.

Resolved, That a solemn and imperative obligation rests upon all churches and citizens to labor vigorously and incessantly to remove this cancer from the body politic and social.

Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed, composed of ministers and laymen, with headquarters in Cincinnati, whose duty it shall be to correspond with officers of the Government and other parties, to collect facts and intelligence, and disseminate the same; to draft, circulate, and forward to Congress petitions against Mormon polygamy, and in favor of such measures towards its abolition as the changing exigencies of the case from time to time may require; and if expenses shall be incurred, to have contributions solicited from individuals and churches to meet the same.

A. LOWRY, Ch'n and Sec'y,

S. BENNETT,

B. F. DIMMICK,

R. H. RUST,

J. F. CONREY,

A. U. REALL,

H. D. RICE.

Committee."

The Crimes of the Latter Day Saints

IN UTAH.

BY A MORMON OF 1831.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION. Polygamy in England. The honor of the Church. Elder McCullo accepts feminine hospitality. Silent as the grave.

Prudential reasons, which during the course of this narrative will be partially explained, suggest the advisability of giving to this brief outline of facts a general, rather than a detailed method of exposition. All who have at any period of their lives had occasion to differ with a society, whether religious or political, can easily comprehend, to some extent, the consequences of a too vigorous, and especially too personal an onslaught upon the representatives of the institution exposed for criticism.

The terrible results attendant upon the exposure of the secret doings of any criminal organization are often exhibited even in these enlightened times, and whenever, in the interest of great enterprises, the life of a man (and that man one who has made himself obnoxious by betraying the secrets of his fellow conspirators) appears to be a stumbling-block ; it is brushed out of existence as we dispose of an offending fly.

Notwithstanding the burden of guilt which necessarily hangs oppressively upon me, I have not yet lost all interest in life, and therefore I shall, while endeavoring to throw a full and clear light upon the affairs which form the subject of this little messenger, ensconce myself as much as possible, for the present, behind the shadows of obscurity.

The doings of the Mormons while in the States of Illinois and Missouri, I shall briefly pass over, as well as my experiences with them in different parts of Europe and elsewhere ;

but I must remark that wherever they have at any time been congregated to any considerable extent numerically, they have always committed a series of outrages upon their neighbors which resulted in a final outbreak.

In England and other European countries it was a very remarkable thing for any traveling elder to start for "Zion," as the house of the Mormons in Utah is called, without leaving two or three illegitimate children behind, as evidences of his interest in "building up the kingdom." Quite often the mothers of these unfortunates at some future period became the polygamous wives of the father of their offspring, or were afterwards attached to some other church dignitary who had accepted of their "hospitality," as the elders termed it.

Of 598 elders in England alone, only seven, so far as could be ascertained, escaped the responsibilities attendant upon the promiscuous commingling with "the sisters" in Babylon.

Hundreds of cases—in fact, nearly all of them—were kept from the public eye and ear, through the instrumentality of the leading elders, who were, by their extended experience in such matters, especially fitted for that purpose. The "honor of the Church" was held in such high esteem, that at no matter what cost, it was always considered the duty of every member to cover scandal. As a consequence, human life in embryotic condition was recklessly sacrificed in many, many instances.

One case only I will cite as a fair example of many hundreds somewhat similar. The names are of course fictitious, but the incidents are told with all the accuracy with which an unusually vivid memory now pictures them.

James McCullo was a prominent preacher in the valleys of Utah, and having made himself useful in many ways, he had been rewarded with four wives, and was fast rising to greater eminence in the Church through his devotion to the leaders, whose behests he took especial pride in obeying.

On a certain occasion a young man had changed his views in regard to Mormonism, and having left the Church, McCullo took upon himself the task of killing the young man to "save his soul."

Accordingly, one morning, he invited the young apostate to join in a hunt after some stock which had strayed, and as soon as the pair had reached the mountains, McCullo deliberately fell upon his victim and "cut his throat from ear to ear."

The young man was missed in a few days, but as McCullo had industriously circulated the story that he had "been called on a mission," but little further interest was taken in the fate of young Hodge, who had no relatives but an aged and paralyzed mother, who never realized her loss.

For some reason or other, McCullo began to feel unsafe, and he was called to England to "preach the gospel" while the affair blew over.

One of his exploits among the sisters in England I will now relate.

Immediately upon his arrival, he was ushered into an establishment in one of the large towns, known as the "Conference House." The house was the home of one of the members of the Mormon Church, who happened to be in somewhat better circumstances than the average Mormon, and accordingly the mistress of the establishment felt herself highly honored in being able to extend the comforts of a home to Elder McCullo from Zion. But a few days had elapsed before the preacher had become very intimate with a daughter of the family, and she was at once the envy and admiration of the "branch" of the Church of which she was a member. Miss Burgis accompanied Brother McCullo to all the meetings, and once or twice had made trips with him into the little villages adjoining, on some occasions not returning for several days.

Mrs. Burgis was delighted at the attentions shown her daughter by the affable McCullo, and all went smoothly and pleasantly, until on one of the occasions when her daughter had been "visiting the country saints" with the Elder, news reached Mrs. Burgis that her daughter was quite ill at the house of one of the Mormon families, some twenty miles distant.

Mrs. Burgis at once started to her daughter's assistance, and taking a short cut across the country, met, while driving rapidly along, a female doctor, who was an old acquaintance of the family. Woman-like, they stopped to chat awhile,

and before Mrs. Burgis could tell her reasons for being there, the garrulous old doctress had informed her that she had just waited upon a young girl who had got into trouble, and through grief or other causes, had brought on a premature birth. Said the old woman: "The funniest thing about it was, that the man and woman in whose care the young woman seemed to be, wouldn't let me see her face; and although they assured me that her husband would soon be home, I felt quite sure there was no husband to come home."

After a few details in answer to the anxious inquiries of Mrs. Burgis, the old woman described the house, and said that she would be glad to know who the parties were, but as they had paid her well, it was perhaps none of her business.

Mrs. Burgis drove rapidly on, and soon reached the house of Brother Hawkin, and was astounded when she discovered that it answered the description given by the old midwife. No sooner had she reached the front door, than Brother McCullo rushed out to meet her, and observing her excitement, at once divined that she had heard of her daughter's illness.

He began to assure her that the sickness was but slight, and told her that the doctor had particularly recommended quietness and freedom from all excitement. On that account he begged her not to see her daughter until late in the day, when her nerves would be less unstrung, and the pleasure of meeting would be less likely to produce ill results.

Mrs. Burgis expressed her determination to see her daughter immediately, and the Elder, finding her uncontrollable, begged permission to step into the room and "break the news" of her arrival.

This was of course granted, and in a minute or two the Elder came to the door and beckoned the mother to enter. The meeting was a sad one. Mrs. Burgis, under the influence of the excitement and the magnetism of the talkative Elder, had for a moment forgotten the circumstances related by the doctress, and when both her daughter and the Elder assured her that the doctor had pronounced it an "intermittent fever," the mother was somewhat more calm.

McCullo coaxed Mrs. Burgis out of the room as soon as possible, so that his patient could take a little sleep, and

returning to the sitting-room, the Elder persuaded her to take a cup of tea.

Mrs. Hawkin came into the room, and upon being introduced to Mrs. Burgis, soon made her visitor feel at home, and as Mrs. Burgis was compelled to return home that night, she might have left in the full belief of "intermittent fever," but for the fact that Mrs. Hawkin, in the momentary absence of the Elder, let fall a sympathizing remark, such as women will under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Burgis was at once aroused, and rushing into the bedroom of her daughter, soon satisfied herself that she was none other than the patient whose face could not be seen by the old doctress.

For the next few minutes the house was a scene of dire confusion. Mrs. Hawkin endeavored to explain, and in a few minutes won over the sympathizing mother, whose rage toward her daughter and her seducer seemed intensified by this womanly sympathy.

Mrs. Burgis could not believe that McCullo was guilty of such an outrage, and calling him aside, she urged him to tell her all he knew of the matter.

He told her that he was astonished when he discovered the real cause of her daughter's sickness, she having told him that she had caught a severe cold.

He had brought her, he said, to the care of Sister Hawkin, who was doing everything she could to hush up the scandal, for the sake of the family and the "Church of God."

In answer to the expressed desire to become acquainted with the seducer, he told her that no matter who it was, it would undoubtedly be better, for her sake and her daughter's reputation, as well as the honor of the Church, to keep the matter perfectly quiet.

He spoke of the wickedness of the world, and deplored the immorality of the young people of England, who, he said, were doomed to destruction, but for the saving grace of the Church.

The mother wept, and at last, calming herself somewhat, she entered the chamber, and commenced a conversation with her daughter, who finally expressed that Elder McCullo had caused her trouble.

With hesitation, the injured mother demanded his presence in the room, and although the young girl continued to assert their criminal intercourse, he denied it stoutly, and conjured her to remember that she was accusing, and perhaps ruining, an "elder in Israel" and a holy one in Zion.

After much tribulation, it was finally decided that no matter what the facts were, the affair must be kept "silent as the grave," and it was, with the exception of the fact that a limited few, among whom was the writer, knew all about it.

CHAPTER II.

THE MORMONS IN NAUVOO. Their strange doings. The influence of unity. The fatal priesthood meeting.

The Mormons in Nauvoo and other places in Illinois were a constant menace to their neighbors, and as a consequence, many collisions occurred, which, being of a trifling character, are now almost forgotten. Among the many causes of trouble, was the constant disposition manifested by the leading Mormons to ensnare the wives and daughters of the people who lived near them, who were not of their faith.

Hundreds of happy homes have these lecherous old priests broken up, and thousands of women are to-day in their graves, or enduring lives of misery and degradation of the worst possible character, through the diabolical machinations of men who professed to be inspired of the Almighty God to save the doubting millions of this dispensation.

Thousands of preachers like McCullo have been sent to the various nations of the earth, and everywhere have they left traces of their unhallowed presence in wrecked homes, broken hearts and desecrated virtue.

The low and bestial character of the religion which they accept, and the utter lack of anything like intellectual or progressive qualities in the leaders, have naturally brought the people below the level of brutes in many respects, because, instead of elevating them and training their minds in a holy and pure love of virtue, they have wallowed in sensuality and waded in the blood of their victims.

Man is low and degraded enough, as we are well aware, and religion is supposed to fight against the natural down-

ward tendency of his animal propensities, but here is one which puts a premium upon lust, and crowns the most degraded sensualist by elevating him to the highest heaven of bliss.

Mormonism casts a glamour of animality over the holiest and purest aspirations of the human heart. It glosses seduction, rapine and murder with the gilded glare of revelation, and rewards the lecher and assassin at the expense of the less prominent, because less guilty, members of the Church.

"The martyred saints," of which the world hears so much, were no more nor less than victims of lynch law, which would have been dealt out to them in any civilized portion of the world. Not one can be named who did not, though killed in an offensive manner, perhaps, merit the very punishment dealt out to them by the outraged American people, who could endure their rottenness no longer.

Among the many causes for complaint on the part of the non-Mormon element surrounding the communities of this "peculiar people," was the stealing of children by the Mormons, who seemed to look upon it as right and proper that they should thus secure the offspring of the "hated gentile," and cause them to toil toward the upbuilding of "the kingdom of God in the latter days."

Dozens of little darlings were thus torn from the loving hearts of their intelligent parents, and made to slave and wear their lives away under the brutal overseership of lecherous old Mormons, who thus added to their working force by "weakening their enemies."

Whenever these children were by any accident discovered, they were always returned to the distracted parents with profuse apologies and explanations, but many never reached their loved homes again, and some of them are now quite prominent among the Utah Mormons, knowing nothing of their origin, yet bearing evidence of superior parentage.

Outrages of this kind were very common, and it is but natural that an intense bitterness grew up in the minds of the people against them.

In addition to these villainies, thousands of horses and cattle were stolen and appropriated to the use and benefit of the Mormon Church. Whenever it became known that one or more of "the brethren" had "secured" some of the

property of the "gentiles," it was immediately demanded by the heads of the Church that one-tenth of the amount be turned over to the Church as "Tithing," to be appropriated for the building of temples and the general uses of the leaders.

Houses were robbed, banks burglarized and men murdered by the Mormons, who worked together in gangs, which were usually led by the "missionary" assigned to that particular district perhaps months previously, ostensibly "for the salvation of men," but really for the "milking of the gentiles."

Working together under the terrible oaths imposed upon them in the "Temple," and being bound in a mutuality of interests in a material sense, the ease and facility with which they could plan an outrage of any character, and carry it to any desired conclusion, are not surprising.

Successful in nearly every undertaking, no matter how seemingly hazardous, they naturally became emboldened to a degree entirely beyond the conception of any person not accustomed to the wonderful powers of organized effort, whether for good or evil.

Thus they were enabled at any time to put in motion an undertaking by which an official, even in a distant State, should be assured of election, or that the Governor of Illinois or Missouri should be assassinated, and all the time keep themselves so securely hidden that none could point out the slightest evidence to their detriment.

Plot after plot was laid and carried into execution, and the results to-day affect the National interests in directions which never suggest the slightest connection with Mormon interests.

More than one leading politician, to the certain knowledge of the writer, had died "a natural death" by the unnatural means resorted to by this Church, which is to-day the greatest blot upon American institutions.

During the warfare between the Mormons and the progressive people of the States which had been cursed by their presence, one of the leaders in a secret "Priesthood Meeting" at which I was present, declared that he would be revenged for the losses he had sustained by the persecution of "the enemies of the Mormon people," whether any else

would or not. He proposed the assassination of certain leading men—Senators, Governors and Judges—whose actions had been inimical to the best interests of Mormonism; and at once the thought spread like wildfire.

The entire assembly were then and there pledged to profound secrecy, and for the purpose of more thoroughly cementing the bond of criminal participation, each and every one of us was sworn to “dispose of” at least one, and that one was specified by name.

The one selected for me I sought, found and did as I was instructed to do. His ashes have long since returned to mother earth, but his name and my act will never die while my reason exists.

Alas! How I regret that act; but how powerless to atone for it!

My victim was a man who, but for the order going out against him by the heads of the Mormon Church, would in all probability have reached the Presidential Chair, and wielded an influence for which his wonderful mind and brilliant attainments had specially qualified him.

When I allow myself to ponder over this deed—and often the melancholy comes uninvited and at unpropitious hours—it seems that Hell itself would be a relief to the dreadful remorse endured by me.

How I pray to God! How it seems that He mocks me! Oh! the horrors of a guilty conscience!

Others equally brilliant and important in a political sense, have long since met their fate at the hands of “the brethren” present at that fatal “Priesthood Meeting.”

More than one of the victims selected on that occasion was a woman, and as the Mormons have ever held in special horror any woman who raises her voice against them, it was agreed that the penalty should be unusually severe.

By unanimous vote it was agreed that one, whose name shall be Elijah Parkins, should carry out “the sentence of death against her accordingly with his best judgment.”

About a year afterwards I learned of the death of this lady, and by seeking in the right channel, I learned the details of her taking off.

Without endeavoring to give every incident in connection with this horrible affair, it is perhaps sufficient to say that

Parkins commenced his persecution by disguising himself as a negro, and after several unsuccessful attempts, he accomplished the outrage of her only daughter, a lovely young lady, who was the pride and joy of her refined and accomplished mother. The blow was a most cruel one, as it prostrated the family and almost broke the heart of the mother, at whom the injury was aimed, although it must be admitted that the coarse and brutal nature of Parkins was delighted by his devilish method of torturing his victim.

He continued to pierce the soul of this unsuspecting woman by every heartless story which he could invent, and particularly in regard to the disgrace attendant upon the unfortunate daughter. He so industriously propagated the story that she met the negro by her own appointment, that many people lost sympathy for her, and began to believe that the young girl was naturally depraved.

This and kindred horrible stories kept the poor mother in constant agitation, and in addition to this refinement of cruelty, he on several occasions set fire to the barns and outhouses of the establishment, and by many infernal contrivances kept up such an excitement in the mind of his victim as to render her mentally unsound.

Finally, he hired two stalwart negroes, who for a long time had been the terror of the neighborhood, and instructed them to fire the house at a given signal, and without the least compunction of conscience, he had arranged to burn both mother and daughter.

On the night selected, the negroes commenced their fiendish work, and in a short time the entire premises were reduced to ashes, and the bodies of the unfortunate ladies were mere unrecognizable cinders.

The negroes, it seems, had secured a considerable amount of money, and as they ran away from the blazing pile, they passed the hiding-place of Parkins, who had secreted himself close to the scene of action, and in their excitement they mentioned their good luck.

After thinking it over for a few minutes, Parkins procured one or two of his particular Mormon friends, and pursuing them immediately, they shot down the fugitives, and while the excitement was at its height, Parkins secured the money, and afterwards won great honor by "prompt and efficient

pursuit and capture of the black villains," as the prints of the times expressed it.

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS THE PLAINS. By the Indians. Buried in the sand. That arrow. The convenient viper. Lack of blankets.

The punishment inflicted upon the Mormon people, which culminated in their departure to the Rocky Mountains, intensified their hatred to a fearful degree, and as a consequence, every conceivable opportunity for wreaking vengeance upon a gentile was eagerly sought after.

During their passage towards and over the great plains, they seemed to imagine every one had done them some great injury, and in any case where a gentile fell into their hands, his life paid the penalty.

Some of their outrages were of a peculiarly atrocious character, inspired, as they were, by a mere Thuggism; an unadulterated cruelty, inspiring a desire to vent their spleen upon somebody—anybody.

It sounds incredible to say that during their exodus, the Mormons murdered hundreds of people, who in those times had to make long and lonely trips from one centre of population to another, through very sparsely settled regions of country.

Sometimes they managed to make their assassinations profitable, as it not infrequently happened that these lonely wanderers were in possession of horses or other valuables—sometimes even money in considerable quantities—and these were generally appropriated to the replenishing of the Lord's Treasury.

One of the more striking examples of this tendency to assassinate all who were not members of their Church, whenever convenient, occurs to me at this moment.

On a certain occasion, when a party of Mormon emigrants were passing along, they discovered that a little group of five young men and two young women, one the wife of one of the party, and the other the sister of the lady, had encamped closely in the rear of the Mormon caravan for two or three successive evenings.

Rumors began to spread regarding this party, and one of the rough riders of the train was deputized to ascertain their business, and to report to the authorities immediately.

His statement, on his return, was to the effect that they had evaded his investigation, and about all he could find out was that they were "going West," and that the name of one of the party was Williams.

The council which was called to consider the matter decided that their actions were suspicious, and when the name of the one member of the party was mentioned, their fate was sealed, as it was at once recognized as that of one of the "mobocrats," who had assisted in driving them from their homes.

Accordingly, with the orders of the captain of the train, who was also, of course, a high Church dignitary, a party of ten men of the train prepared to disguise themselves as Indians, and at midnight a raid was made upon the two wagons, and none of the party was left alive.

In the morning the rough rider discovered the bodies of the victims of the Indian outbreak, and immediately the captain called all the men, women and children of the train together to return thanks to the Almighty for His kind protection during the past night, which had been so full of horrors, while they had "slept the sleep of the innocent."

The effects of the little party were taken in charge by the captain of the Mormon train, and after burying the bodies and erecting a wooden slab, with the words, "five unknown people; murdered by Indians," they passed on toward the Rocky Mountains.

This was about the first instance of the Mormons attributing their deeds to the Indians, which came under my personal observation. Since that time I have known of very many similar cases.

Some of the men who made up that party of ten "Indians" are to-day prominent members of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City and other portions of Utah Territory, and in passing through the Territory, on my way to my home in Iowa, I spoke to two of them, and called their attention to the incident.

One of them laughed and treated it as a trivial matter, but the other stoutly denied all connection with the affair.

Rolling along toward "Deseret," and following the track made by "The Pioneers," the train to which I refer met with a number of mishaps, and it so happened that one of the most important Church officers in the train was very superstitious. Observing the vast number of minor misfortunes constantly occurring, he declared that there was a "Jonah in the train."

One day he told a few of the higher dignitaries of this discovery, and it was decided to rid themselves of this unwelcome presence.

It turned out that the "Jonah" was a young man who had on several occasions failed to obey the orders of the captain of the train, and in several instances he had made himself objectionable, through remarks he had made in regard to the disposition of the property of the Williams party.

The next morning the young man was brought into camp with an Indian arrow in his side, and his head fearfully mutilated with a scalping-knife.

He had gone out as usual to hunt up the stock, and "the Indians" had killed him. Of course.

On this occasion I came very near getting into difficulty myself, through making an unwise remark in regard to the matter. The quick glance of the old fellow who discovered the "Jonah" soon put me on my guard, and I deplored the Indian outrage as loudly as any other.

The incident which caused my ill-considered remark was this: On examining the arrow, which was still plunged in the heart of the unfortunate fellow, I saw at once that it was one of a lot which I had bought of an Indian only a few days previously.

On the day prior to this occurrence, I had been amusing myself in practising shooting after the Indian fashion, and for the purpose of distinguishing a particular arrow from one shot just before by a friend, I put a peculiar notch near the feathers, and there before my eyes was that arrow.

It was but natural that I should give an involuntary exclamation, but being checked in time, I saved myself from all suspicion.

On the first opportunity I sought my wagon, and I soon saw that the bow had been used, and that particular arrow

was gone, leaving only ten instead of eleven. I never knew who used that arrow, but I had some very strong suspicions.

As we journeyed on, some two or three others of the company made themselves offensive to the authorities, and without much ado they were disposed of in some convenient way. One, I remember, died of dysentery, so it was said, but there was no doubt that some strychnine, which was kept for wolf poison, had been put in his food.

Another fell out of a wagon while going down hill, but I remember distinctly that there was a plain mark on the back of the neck, exactly such as could have been made by the heavy whip handle carried by one of the officers of the train.

A third was a woman, who had given her husband some trouble on account of his attentions to a young girl in the train. A rattlesnake was found in her wagon one night, while her husband was "out on guard among the cattle."

The young woman whose charms had captured the husband of this unfortunate wife was but little shocked, and even the tragic fate of the poor woman was soon forgotten by both, for one night soon afterwards I saw them both in the same wagon, with apparently no fear of snakes.

To recount the many immoral and lecherous incidents brought to my notice during my trip across the plains, would be indeed a labor, and, in fact, it would be impossible to do so in a work intended for general circulation, as the most refined language would, while describing, utterly sicken the reader.

Suffice it to say, that all sense of decency seemed to have been abandoned, and all seemed to have surrendered themselves to barbarism to correspond with the savage surroundings and the aboriginal tribes, with whom we occasionally came in contact.

Whenever we met any of the Indians, it was always the custom to treat them with every kindness. We made them presents of beads, red flannel, whisky, corn meal, butcher knives, etc., and we never failed to impress them with the fact that we were Mormons, while the others were "bad Amerikats."

We made friends with all of them, and we found it often to our interest so to do, as in case of hostility, we were only poorly prepared for them.

While on the road, a number of matches had been made, and arrangements had been concluded for quite a number of polygamous marriages as soon as we arrived in Salt Lake City.

At this time I had but one wife, but it had been agreed that a young woman in whom I had become much interested should be "sealed" to me on our arrival. As I have no desire to say much about myself, I will state that this young woman became my second wife, and in all I married five, ending in misery to myself and them.

One old fellow had grown so familiar with three young women that he married them all as soon as he reached Zion. Besides these he had four wives, whom he had left in Utah the year before to preach to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel."

We reached the valley late in the Fall of the year, experiencing some cold weather while passing through the latter end and most mountainous part of our journey.

The scarcity of blankets, added to the intensely cold nights, may be pleaded as an excuse for the extreme intimacy of a number of the contracting parties, whose marriages were not technically consummated until their arrival in Utah, although in the eyes of nature, and pretty plainly to the eyes of everybody in the train, they were *bona fide* husbands and wives.

CHAPTER IV.

CLEANSING THE PLATTER. More Indians. My financial start. A troublesome wife. How she was disposed of.

Soon after my arrival in Salt Lake City, I, with a few others, started, in obedience to orders from headquarters, to assist in "cleansing the inside of the platter," as the removal of backsliding members was sometimes called.

It appears that in a distant settlement some difficulty had occurred between certain members of the Church, and when the Bishop had ordered them to make peace, a few of them resented his authority. Now, as the Bishop's orders were but an echo from the head of the Church in Salt Lake City, the action of the dissenters was considered as a defiance of

the priesthood, and as it had always been the policy of the leaders to nip in the bud all apostate influences, it was in this case considered necessary to make an example.

One of our party was the bearer of dispatches to the Bishop and other authorities of that section, and I learned soon afterwards that their purport was a demand for unconditional surrender, or the "cutting off, root and branch," of the offenders.

We delivered the message, and proceeded to a little town still farther on, where we received some reports from the presiding elder regarding a matter which had given the Presidency at Salt Lake some uneasiness, and then we returned to await advices from the inharmonious settlement.

The Bishop reported that all but two had immediately complied with the demand, and having given us the names of these men, with an assurance that nothing further could be done with them, we bade him good-by, and all started from the settlement in view of all the people, who had gathered to see the elders from the city.

We rode a few miles, and then camped to hold a consultation. We had received our orders in detail, but we were forced by the peculiar circumstances to consider well the best means of carrying them out.

It was soon arranged, and under cover of darkness, we returned to the little town about eleven o'clock that night. I had been deputed to let down the bars of the corral belonging to the fated men, and as they lived but a short distance apart, it was readily done.

As soon as the stock was out, we began yelling like Indians, and in a few minutes the men appeared.

We were by this time out of sight, and seeing no one around, they immediately commenced driving the cattle into the pens. It so happened that the horses had gone a considerable distance up a neighboring ravine, and as soon as the men discovered their loss, they started afoot, accompanied by three boys about ten or twelve years of age, in search of the missing animals.

Learning at once the path they would be compelled to take, three of our number went as quickly as possible, and secreted onrselves in the brush about twenty rods ahead of them.

In a minute or so they came along, the first one bearing a lantern with a flickering candle, which threw a very weak and uncertain light on his path.

It was but the work of a moment to render helpless the two men, as we were all experts with the lariat, and at a given signal they were bound with thongs from which there was no escape.

One of the boys, at the moment of capture, fired a pistol which he held in his hand, and the bullet, after striking a limb of some oak brush, glanced into my left arm, and it made a terrible wound, altogether unlike a gunshot wound though, for it made a long slit, much the same as a bowie knife would have done.

This unexpected occurrence caused a change in our programme, as it was intended to drag the men behind our horses, and then leave them in some secluded spot. The boy had dropped his pistol, and was, with the others, running for dear life, yelling at intervals "Injins!" "Injins!"

One of the party picked up the pistol, which was a five-shooter, and placing it near the temple of the nearer one of the two men, he sent a bullet through the brain.

Enraged with the pain, I seized the weapon and shot the other man in precisely the same way.

Not a word had been spoken, and quietly unwinding our lariats, we mounted our horses and rode away.

Though nearly thirty years ago, that wound, as I now look at it, is as plain as when, a month after the occurrence, it had healed so as to enable me to remove the bandage.

I learned by the reports in regard to the affair, that the boy was a son of the man who fell at my hands. The last I heard of him, he was a successful business man in the northern part of Idaho.

Instead of returning to Salt Lake City at once, I remained in one of the settlements about twenty-five miles distant, and it was reported that I was laid up with rheumatism.

When I reached headquarters I was congratulated, as the others had been, and a fine piece of landed property was put at my disposal at such a low price that I accepted it at once as payment for my services. It afterwards netted me several thousand dollars, and was the first start toward my financial prosperity in Utah.

A part of that property, which has changed hands a number of times, is now in possession of Christian teachers, who are working for the enlightenment of the barbarous Mormon people.

This exploit gave me prominence, and I enjoyed the favor of the leaders to a great degree, but of course I could only retain it by continuing to hold myself in readiness to obey them in every particular. The result was that at short intervals I was called, in company with others, and not infrequently I went alone, to teach some unfaithful brother his duty.

In many cases the displeasure of the leaders fell upon the sisters, and at times it became necessary to put them out of the way. In most instances of this kind, the husband was an interested party, and quite frequently he arranged the plans which ended in freeing him from the inconvenience of an uncongenial partner.

All that was necessary for a speedy riddance of a wife who had lost her charms, was that it should be made known that she had expressed herself against plurality of wives, and had refused to obey the orders of the priesthood set to preside over that district.

When a woman was inclined to be obstreperous in this regard, and her husband desired to protect her, of course she ran comparatively little risk; but if she offended him and he withdrew his guardianship, her life was "not worth the ashes of a rye straw."

One of these cases, where it was to the interest of the Church to rid itself of the presence of a woman who had given her husband and the local priesthood a considerable amount of anxiety, was of such a peculiarly atrocious character that I will relate it—not that it in any degree exceeded the villainy of many others, but because of the fact that it illustrates the diabolical cunning of these natural murderers, who seem to have made the study of assassination the most prominent feature in their horrid religion.

The woman, whose name shall be Mrs. Jenkins had been "spotted" by the authorities on account of her continued opposition to polygamy. Her husband had taken other wives, and had paid her but little attention for a year or more.

She had been suffering for some time with a disease pecu-

liar to the female sex, and in laying the plot to dispose of her, this fact was made to do service.

Not far from where she resided was the home of one of those eccentric geniuses often found in the Western wilds, who call themselves "doctors."

This man had little knowledge of anything pertaining to his profession, but he had acquired quite a reputation on account of having performed a number of cures among the women and children, by the use of herbs and other simple mendicaments, which he prepared in attractive forms.

Among other things of which he claimed to have made a particular study, was the very disease which had so afflicted Mrs. Jenkins.

Through the influence of her husband, one of the neighbors had persuaded her to employ this doctor, who, by-the-by, did not stand in very high repute among the faithful, because on one occasion he had said that there were "many things on this earth intended for the healing of the sick, besides olive oil and the laying on of hands."

The time was arranged when the doctor should call, and one evening just before the sun went down, the unsuspecting disciple of healing entered the home of Mrs. Jenkins, and as he considered it necessary to learn all the details, she expressed her willingness to allow him to make the examination which was customary in such cases.

They had entered the chamber, and were chatting about the number of similar cases among the women of the settlement, and expressing sympathy for such unfortunates, when a face peeped through the space between the curtains, unobserved by them, however, and soon disappeared.

Calling a companion from a cow-pen in close proximity to the house, the first one said: "Here's your evidence; come and see for yourself."

Cautiously they approached the low window, and their eager eyes flashed with hate as they saw the occupants of the room.

The husband, turning to the other, asked: "What shall I do?" "What shall you do? Do? Why, kill 'em both right now; that's what I'd do," replied his companion, who had every reason to believe that he had discovered a really guilty pair.

Rushing back to the pen, it was but the work of a moment to return to the window, and again were the four eager eyes riveted upon the inmates of the chamber.

The excitement of the men had caused the attention of the "doctor" to be attracted toward the window, and he raised the blind to look outside for the cause of the slight disturbance; but immediately upon the raising of the blind, the men secreted themselves behind the corner of the house.

Returning again to his patient, he left the blind as he had raised it, and almost instantly the two men returned, and the "injured husband" thrust through the window a double shotgun, and discharged both barrels in quick succession, resulting in the severe wounding of the doctor, and completely shattering the head and neck of Mrs. Jenkins, "who never knew what hurt her," as the witness testified the following day before a Justice's Court, which acquitted the husband on the ground of "a very natural mistake."

The doctor is now in San Francisco, and is known as the "one-armed orange peddler."

CHAPTER V.

OBEDIENCE TO THE PRIESTHOOD. Immorality of the young.
Forced marriages. Drunkenness. Infant mortality.

The principles of the Mormon Church have no feature of greater importance, nor any that have a more complete influence over the people, than that of "obedience to the priesthood."

In every department of social, commercial, religious, political and domestic affairs, the officers of the Church hold supreme control, and authority to dictate without limit.

Should a member desire to move to another settlement, buy a farm, a horse, or sell a cow, he must first consult his Bishop, or the immediate representative of the priesthood set to preside over him.

He cannot marry a first wife or a second, a fifth or a twenty-fifth, without the advice and consent of the priests, and if a member disobey the counsel, in even the slightest degree, his life is ever after a burden to him, and all chances of success in life are completely destroyed. He can only

be reinstated in the confidence of the priesthood by committing some outrage, such as the murder of an apostate, or the robbing of a gentile.

Obedience under any and all circumstances, right or wrong, without ever questioning the judgment or the honesty of the priest or his counsel, is the first and most important element in Mormonism.

The effect of all this is, that the people are reduced to serfdom. They may be called at any moment to give up their homes and abandon everything, to start a new settlement in some out-of-the-way place designated by the priests, who have some political or other point to gain, and no thought or care is ever given to the interests or condition of the man or his family.

This habit of "going on a mission" has become so common among the Mormon people, that if they escape the attention of the priesthood for a few years, and are thereby allowed to accumulate a little property, by reason of the non-interference with their material interests, they regard it as almost a miracle, and always esteem it a special interposition of Providence in their behalf.

It quite often happens that a young couple marry, and just as they are arranging to settle down near the home of their parents, where perhaps everything ensures prosperity, and even luxury, they are "called on a mission" to some barren spot hundreds of miles distant, to which they must go, or run the risk of having their "throats cut from ear to ear, or their bowels cut open and fed to the hogs," as the Endowment House oath compels them to agree to.

Speaking of marriage reminds me that the best and most reliable records show, that there is very seldom a case where a young couple marry without the ceremony and the birth of the first-born being entirely too close together. Some of the most respectable members of the intelligent Christian churches in Utah, assert that by actual observation of the most scrutinizing character, they know that without exception, not a single marriage has been solemnized in some of the settlements for the past fifteen years, wherein the parties concerned have been less intimate before than after their marriage.

It is considered to be the privilege of all young men and women who are betrothed, to indulge in all the familiarities of marriage life, and when comment is made thereon, the critic is denounced as a "fool who deserves his head punched."

The old priests laugh at this state of affairs, as they realize that it welds the church together with those lecherous bonds, which are the life and vigor of the Mormon Church. They think it perfectly proper to allow their young daughters to mix up with young men who are known to be lasciviously inclined, so that their passions may be excited in early life before their judgment ripens, and thus they may escape a high sense of decency, which otherwise might be a stumbling block in the path of their degradation by polygamy.

The doings of the young Mormons of both sexes are even now the talk of all Christian people in Utah; indeed, some of the ministers, and many of the most prominent ladies of the several Christian churches in Salt Lake City and other places in Utah, declare that although their experience has extended in many cases among the lowest classes of the people, in the most depraved countries of Europe, and in some instances to the heathens of Africa, they have never in any situation encountered such utterly filthy and degraded young wretches as are the sons and daughters of the Mormon people.

It is but the natural result of polygamy. The members of my own family illustrate clearly the degrading influence of that most unnatural of all family relations. My children are scattered, several of them having been more than once the occupants of a prison, while their mothers are unhappy, and their father practically an outcast. God has surely put his curse upon it.

If the refined and moral people of America could but understand the horrors and degradation attendant upon polygamy, and the fearful results it entails upon future generations, they would rise in their might and crush out the entire Mormon community, as many of the God-fearing Christian people in the Territory feel assured will yet be necessary.

There is not upon the face of the entire earth, a community so utterly disloyal, immoral, bloodthirsty and lecherous as the Mormon people, and yet they live, thrive and defy

the Government of the most magnanimous and enlightened nation of modern times.

They mock the inactivity of our nation, and sneer at its administrators. They declare that God will protect them and utterly destroy the Republic; and they gloat in anticipation when some calamity shall occur by which the wives and daughters of the Senators, and others who legislate against them, shall by the power of God be placed at their disposal for "the raising a righteous seed before the Lord."

They firmly believe that every beautiful woman, who is the wife or daughter of any man who opposes the Mormon Church, will yet be the sexual slave of the Mormon priesthood, as a reward for the persecutions endured through the acts of their enemies.

Bad and low as is the moral condition of the Mormon people now, it is so much better since the advent of the gentiles than it was previous to their coming, that no comparison can hardly be instituted.

Nearly every young girl who had arrived at puberty, carried in her pocket continually a compound prepared by some of the more experienced of the sex, for the purposes of forestalling the consequences of illicit intercourse. It was a common thing to hear a young girl of fifteen years of age, talk with the experience of a married woman, on subjects which the best interests of her future womanhood and public morality would have her wholly ignorant of.

Drunkenness was so common that it seemed to be the natural condition. Thousands of children were born in Utah at that time, who owe their existence more, much more, to the villainous whisky known as "Valley Tan," than the love of their parents. Men, and women too, used to take their bottles and canteens of whisky to the meeting-houses, just as the members of other churches take their bibles and prayer books.

Babies were fed on whisky in every conceivable form; they were dosed with it from morning to night, and when its poisonous effects finally brought on serious illness, the little ones were rubbed with "consecrated oil," and the elders used to "lay hands on them" until they died. Thousands of little graves in the Salt Lake and other cemeteries attest this fact.

The barbarous ignorance of the people cannot be conceived, and only those who have been intimately associated with them, as many of the members of enlightened churches now are in the sense of missionaries, can really understand the nature of their degradation.

They laugh at the idea of female purity, and denounce every female teacher not of their faith, as a "prostitute on the sly." The children scoff at a Christian minister and make fun of his dress and the tones of his voice. If his children ever appear upon the streets, they are stoned and their lives threatened, so that in most cases they are either sent away from home or kept close prisoners in the refined circle of its interior.

The brave men and women, who for the past few years stood nobly in the front, and without regard for their personal safety or pecuniary reward, have with a self-sacrificing spirit sown the seeds of a better life, and taught the ways of salvation to these dissolute wrecks of humanity, have carved for themselves immortal names high on the imperishable monument of Christian honor.

There are men and women in the community to-day, who in the brave and noble spirit belonging to the superior ones of earth, have set such splendid examples, that in spite of all obstacles their leadership, has inspired the down-trodden ones to deeds of heroism without a parallel in history. Yet these heroic acts are unheralded because of the true patriotism of the brave few, who have so long and resolutely fought the alien hosts of the depraved serfs of Mormonism.

Realizing that my own life is unsafe to such a degree as to almost force me to absent myself from Utah, I can but admire the wondrous tenacity with which those whose hearts are so far undaunted, maintain their patriotic defiance of the unholy priesthood, which but for these loyal hands about its throat, would utterly annihilate all semblance of American liberty on the Pacific Coast.

All honor to the brave few who so bravely battle for the right, and who are steadily crushing out the filthy remnants of Mormonism to implant the pure and elevating principles of refined and progressive Christianity.

The nation should at once come to their succor with moral, financial and military aid, and let the consequences take care of themselves.

In the language of the old Mormon song:

“Do what is right ;
Let the consequence follow.”

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED MURDERS. Blood and rapine. The American citizen. The “used-up” train. The baby’s death.

Since the settlement of Utah in 1847, about 1500 murders have been committed, and nearly all, directly or indirectly, in the interest of the Mormon Church.

Of course it is impossible for any one to tell exactly how many crimes of this character have been perpetrated, because the extent of country embraced in the word Utah, really means, with reference to early times, a very large proportion of what is now Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Wyoming.

All through this section “the word of the Lord” was the law, and wherever the Mormons went in search of anything, whether it were richer grazing lands, or the discovery of mountain passes, they were always in the majority, and any unfortunate gentile in their path necessarily had to “toe the mark.”

The slightest dispute, or even a difference of opinion on such a trifling matter as the probable depth of a river, or the quality of a ford, would lead to angry quarrels, which often culminated in taunts being given in regard to Mormonism.

Whenever this occurred, and especially if some foolish fellow, in the pride of his American manhood, told them that Uncle Sam would enforce the laws in Utah as elsewhere, one or more of that party would be made to “bite the dust.”

An instance of this kind came under my observation on the banks of Green River.

A slight misunderstanding arose among a little party of California emigrants and a large train of Mormons in the

same neighborhood, in regard to the fording of the stream. It was a matter of no consequence whatever, in the first place, but as the Mormon Captain had declared his intention to pass over the stream before the other train, which had the right to priority, one of the gentiles, in his rage, said something against the Mormons.

One of the Mormons, approaching him, used some insulting words, and in a few moments the Mormon Captain ordered the gentile away from the camp. He refused to leave, saying that an American citizen had as many rights as a Mormon, and standing with his arms folded, he asked by what right they had been deprived of their privilege of crossing the river first, having been encamped there several hours before the Mormon train arrived.

Without giving him any answer, the Mormon, raising his arm, pointed over to the gentile camp, and said: "Go where you belong."

The man stood sullenly trying to keep his temper down, and was just on the point of leaving, when one of the Mormon teamsters came behind and struck him a blow with an axe, which, cutting clear from the top of his head, laid it in two halves on his shoulders. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw, and I shall never forget it while I live.

"Served him right," broke in the Captain, "served him right, Brother Jardley;" and without further ado, they seized the body, and carrying it a few steps to the river, pushed him through some willows into the stream, which forever buried the secret of his taking off.

The blood was quickly covered by the ashes from the camp-fires, and when the members of the train came to inquire about the lost man, there was no trace of him to be found.

There were but four or five of the members of our train who knew anything of this affair, and they were, of course, immediately sworn to the utmost secrecy.

We noticed that one of the gentile men looked very suspiciously at the axe, as it rested against a wagon tongue. His attention was drawn to it on account of its being wet, having been thoroughly washed in the river.

I immediately said something about the dry weather in this country causing everything to shrink, and asked how their wagon-tires hung on.

Instead of crossing the river immediately, the Captain gave orders to the men in the train to camp a day longer, and finish the shoeing of the oxen on that side of the river.

Towards evening of that day the gentile train forded the river, having given up all hopes of finding the missing man.

Some Indians had been seen in the vicinity the night previous, and it was surmised that he had been captured by them while out alone that morning. The fact that the undergrowth was very thick in the vicinity, gave some color to their surmisings, as every one could see how easily a party of Indians in ambush could accomplish any kind of deviltry, without giving evidence of their presence.

When they had left and the camp was comparatively quiet, we went to the place where the body had been thrown into the river, and found there was no sign of anything to attract attention. The body had evidently been carried down stream by the immense volume of water.

We never saw it again, and all we ever learned about it was that the man was a son of one of the prominent opponents of Mormonism in Missouri. I remember, some time afterwards, that the Captain said "God had delivered him into our hands."

A few days afterwards we overtook the small train, which had passed on but slowly, in the hope of hearing something about the missing man, who seems to have been highly esteemed by all the party.

We asked them if they had heard from him, and when they told us they had not, the Captain offered the services of two of his riders to assist in the search, as they had done on the other side of the river.

We reported that a Pony Express rider had told us that he saw a party of ten Indians a few miles up the river, and one of them was wearing a fur cap similar to the one which the man wore when they saw him last.

This seemed to satisfy most of them, but the man whose attention had been attracted to the axe, on the occasion of their search in our camp, seemed unable to control himself further, and he blurted out, with more pluck than good judgment, "It's a —— —— Mormon lie!"

Had it not been for the presence of the Captain, a terrible muss would have occurred right then and there.

I stepped quietly up to the man and said: "My dear fellow! What do you mean? Do you imagine that we are attempting to deceive you?"

His face flushed with rage, and he said: "You are a lot of —— —— murderers, and I'll prove it on you yet!"

Our Captain said: "It is useless to talk to a man who is crazy with passion;" and again the train moved on. After we had gone a few miles, the Captain rode up alongside of me and said: "That train must be destroyed, or we will have serious trouble."

"When?" I asked. "To-night," said he. "I'll think it over, and we will arrange it so as to make a good job of it."

That night, as soon as the train was encamped, the Captain rode back to find something which he said he had lost, but his trip was for the purpose of ascertaining the precise whereabouts of the doomed caravan.

Upon his return, he called us together, and bidding us obey to the letter every order, he, at the head of a party of ten of us, armed to the teeth, took the trail "after Indians," as he had told the remaining members of the train.

He led by a circuitous route, and suddenly we halted within a few rods of the train.

They had all retired, and the solitary sentinel sat with his gun across his knees, near the last embers of one of the camp-fires.

Among other weapons, some of the men had stuck hatchets in their belts, and calling two of the men, the Captain motioned them to slip off their boots and crawl to the guard, and "silence him, if possible, without firing a shot."

Leaving their boots, guns and horses in our charge, they moved cautiously, with hatchets in their right hands and pistols in their left, while five of us remained on horseback, ready for the charge.

The other men dismounted, and held themselves in readiness to watch for fugitives, in case any attempted to escape.

It appears that there were two women in the train, and one of them, as we at this instant learned, to our surprise, had a very young baby, who at the moment of supreme anxiety, just as the two men were within ten feet of the guard, raised its infantile organ, as if in protest against the attack.

The sentinel raised his head, and grasping his gun, listened attentively for a minute, and as the child quieted down, hushed by the soothing words of its unsuspecting mother he relapsed into his reverie.

Turning suddenly, however, he observed the two men crawling toward him, and with the yell, "Indians!" he fired his gun to alarm the camp.

There was now no time to lose, and we all dashed on the train, and as the two men had already slain the sentinel, we jumped into the wagons, shooting and striking at every moving object.

Some three or four of the men and one of the women, with a baby in her arms, jumped from the wagons, but no sooner had they reached the ground than they were shot down and trodden to death by our horses, which, in the shrewdness of the Captain, had been selected from those which were unshod, so that the tracks could the more readily be mistaken for mounted Indians.

The men who had dismounted, as well as some of those on horseback, wore moccasins, and although we never took any particular pains to examine, the chances are that we left no traces of the attack having been made by white men. Should we have done so, however, the inference would have been that Indians and "mountaineers" were associated in the raid.

We selected a few valuables and appropriated them to our own use, but nearly everything was left to the mercy of the next emigrants over the Overland Route to the Gold Mines of California.

I omitted to mention that the baby escaped death during the *melée*, and it was decided that all should have a hand in its destruction, and as a further bond of secresy, each, at the order, "One! two! three!" given by the Captain, fired a shot at the little innocent, who, pierced simultaneously by eleven bullets, bore thereafter no resemblance to a human being.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAW OF TITHING. "How many chickens have you raised?" "How much butter?" "How many socks?"
The penalties of non-payment.

The matter of Tithing, one of the most prominent of the Mormon doctrines, is a subject often spoken of, but little understood by the "outside world," as the Latter Day Saints designate all those who do not belong to their Church.

As it is the chief source of revenue, and the real sinews of war of this religio-political organization, it is important that a clear idea of its character, and the methods of collection should be given.

One-tenth of the entire income of a member is the demand made by the priesthood, and it is obligatory upon him that he surrender this amount regularly, and in full, or the results of failure are sure to follow.

A poor man's income, perhaps, is two dollars per day, and working, say three hundred days in a year, he is required to pay at the end of each year, the sum of sixty dollars, in the kind of pay earned by him.

This amount he is compelled to take to the office of his Bishop or the presiding elder of his ward or district, accordingly as he may be situated.

He is questioned closely, and often suspiciously by the avaricious priest, in regard to all his sources of income, and in case of having overlooked any item which has incidentally yielded him or his wife a few dollars, the wary old priest seldom fails to remind him of it, as he has during the year kept himself well posted, through the services of his numerous spies, who make it their duty to know everything in regard to a member, and to report it to the chief priest of that particular section.

Thus the poor fellow who has saved his sixty dollars in cash or store pay, or whatever kind of remuneration he may have received during the year, is compelled to go to his home and take therefrom a few pounds of butter, some eggs or chickens as "one-tenth in kind" of the earnings of his wife, who has managed a cow or cared for a few chickens during the year.

Every little detail of income of every conceivable kind is questioned and closely scrutinized by the priest on the second visit to the tithe-payer, and on this occasion he is reminded that "Sister Sarah" (the man's wife) "knit some men's socks and sold them at the store;" the result of which is that a count is made of the woman's work, and two or three pairs of socks are taken to the Bishop on the next visit.

If the butter, the eggs, the chickens, or the socks are of extra fine quality, the Bishop usually appropriates them to his own use, and pays to the "General Tithing Office" some other articles, nominally the same in value, but altogether inferior in kind.

Although this trick of the Bishops is well known to the highest authorities, they seldom find any fault, because every Bishop is put in office on account of his inside acquaintance with the murders and other crimes of the Mormon leaders, who dare not "go back" on their accomplices.

After surrendering the numerous articles, which if kept would have purchased a few more of the necessities of life for the man and his family, he often discovers that the very things paid for tithing are turned to the uses of the Bishop and the priesthood generally, who are thereby enabled to indulge in luxuries infinitely beyond the reach of the contributor.

No matter how much he may realize, all this he is compelled to pay, or the chances of earning a living are all destroyed, and in addition, his life and the lives of his family are no longer safe.

Not a dollar can be earned by a member of the Mormon Church, but the priest immediately claims ten cents of it, and as much more as he can get, by the demands in other departments of Church interests.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are collected every year to bribe Congressmen and to prevent unfavorable legislation, as well as to pay men in Salt Lake City and other places to write favorable newspaper and magazine articles regarding the Mormon people.

This tax, which is collected from the members of the Church under the same penalties of excommunication and threats of personal danger, in addition to the surplus of the

millions of dollars paid annually for tithing, is expended among the influential legislators and literary men of the nation, and thus the power of the Church is kept up.

Whenever a man says that he is opposed to the attack made upon the Mormon Church by the local newspapers or politicians, no matter how mild or seemingly logical his protest may appear, you may be assured that he is "in the pay of the priesthood," as any man with sufficient intelligence to be of any value as a defender, must necessarily understand the villainies of the Church.

The poor ignorant people who attach themselves to the Mormon Church, of course, are in some sense to be pitied, although in every case, when thoroughly understood, it will be seen that polygamy or some other sensual feature of the institution, was really the inducement which allured them.

In the case of the intelligent ones, however, it is entirely different, and although I can understand how an ignorant man who knows nothing of Mormonism may have occasional sympathies for the constant annoyances which they endure, I am confident from my experience that any intelligent person who knows nothing of them must at a glance discover their unnatural degradation and criminal debasement.

To every man who, having sufficient education to write an editorial, or make a speech who has done, or shall hereafter do, anything to prevent the utter annihilation of the Mormon Church, I say, "You are a scoundrel, and you know it!"

At the same time, be it remembered, I have much sympathy for the ignorant honest ones, who through lack of mental strength, are deluded, whether they are in or out of this soul-degrading Church.

Cases illustrating the danger of refusing or neglecting to pay tithing have often come under my personal observation, and I will give a glimpse of their character.

A man, who for this occasion shall be named Frank Hiber, had acquired, by hard work and continued attention to his business, a comfortable home and a fine farm, and in addition a large lot of cattle, had become somewhat lukewarm in Mormonism, was on a certain occasion ordered by his Bishop to take a second wife.

His own wife, a sweet little Massachusetts girl, the mother of three interesting boys, whose coming had not dimmed in the least degree the graces and beauties of their lovely mother, was much opposed to this interference with their happiness, and she, in her winsome loveliness of person and disposition, persuaded Frank to refuse.

He quietly evaded all the Bishop's attentions, and laughingly said, that "one was enough, especially the kind I've got."

The priesthood insisted upon his assuming family relations "according to the Celestial Law," but he stood firm against all their arguments, and at last, as the result of extensive investigation and intelligent conclusions in regard to "the principle of polygamy," he told the Bishop that he would not take another wife.

This led to an estrangement, to some extent, and on one occasion, when his children had been abused at school, because their father was an "apostate," the parents decided to keep them at home.

This incident set Frank to thinking about the Mormon religion, and as his mind was turned more seriously in that direction, he purchased a number of books treating the subject, and soon he became convinced that "there is very little good in it," as he on one occasion told his sweet little wife.

The result of this investigation was, that at times he would argue the question with "the leaders," who came regularly to his house, as they did to all others in that vicinity, and it was not long before the whole settlement was told that Frank Hiber was "full of the spirit of apostacy."

It happened that at the commencement of the following year, the Bishop of the town was driving along in a sleigh, and Frank and his wife met them on the main road.

The Bishop said, good-naturedly: "Brother Hiber, I have just started in to settle tithing, and if you'll call at my house to-morrow, we'll fix yours. I see you've done splendid this year, ain't you?"

Frank hesitated a moment, but finally thinking of the resolve he had made, said: "Bishop, I'm not going to pay any more tithing; all I make I have use for, and have concluded to keep for my own use hereafter."

The Bishop said, laughingly: Oh, I guess you'll change your mind; won't he, Sister Hiber?" She replied: "I guess not."

Seeing them so determined, the Bishop, with a face as red as blood, said: "Well, by-by," and drove on.

To make short a long story, I briefly say that at this time the young couple were in possession of property worth at least twenty thousand dollars, and before the next year, all they owned in the world was the farm and house, which they gladly sold for one thousand dollars, and started to a remote section of an adjoining Territory to begin life anew.

All their stock had been stolen or poisoned, their grain-stacks burned and their lives endangered by the refusal, on that winter morning, to "obey the law of tithing."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUBJUGATION OF WOMEN. Brother Smithson's discipline. The mission of the Jeroams. "It is best not to interfere."

There is no feature of the Mormon institutions more marked than the systematic subjugation of women, and whenever the circumstances render a complete carrying out of the plan at all feasible, the Mormon wife is reduced to abject serfdom.

It is considered almost a mortal offense for any person to offer any remonstrance against the cruelties of a husband, and in case it should be given by one who is in the slightest degree doubtful of the divinity of the Church and its doctrines, a life often pays the penalty.

I will relate a few circumstances which are undoubtedly true, but as only a part of the incidents actually were observed by me, it is but fair to so state. What I did see, and what occurred, so closely interweave, that I can have no doubt that the story, as I give it, is absolutely correct.

An interesting young woman, from a well-known town in England, became the third wife of an old Mormon from Vermont, and for a time she seemed to be his idol. Nothing was "too good for her," to eat, wear or indulge in.

For some reason, of which I know nothing, he suddenly turned against her, and compelled her to do the drudgery of

the entire family, and I am informed that on many occasions he had beaten her and abused her unmercifully.

On one occasion, early in the morning of a chilly autumn day, he was seen passing through the doorway in the rear of his dwelling, bearing in his arms "Betty," as she was called by the neighbors. Her name was Betsy Filkins before her marriage to the Vermont Saint, whom we will call Elder Smithson.

Smithson had seized her as she lay in her bed, and without giving her time to add other clothing, he had taken her in his arms and carried her into the orchard in the lot on which his house stood.

She made some attempt to scream, but he silenced her by placing his hand over her mouth, and soon he placed her shivering and half-exposed form against a large peach tree, and bidding her stand there, he returned in a moment with a chain and some ropes, which he had conveniently near.

It was but the work of a moment to encircle her body with the fastenings, and she was securely bound to the tree. He drew from his pocket a block of wood and thrust it into her mouth, and so effectually gagged her that she could scarcely utter a sound.

Having accomplished his work, he made some remark to her, and then he passed toward the stable, and in a minute returned with "a black-snake whip," as it is told to me, and with it he flogged the poor woman until she fainted and fell to the ground, or so near to it as her fastenings would allow.

Her single garment was of course no protection, and the blood oozed through the cotton cloth, which had been cut open in a number of places by the force of some of the blows.

This scene was enacted within a few rods of a street that was frequented by many foot-passengers, but being at an early hour, no person seems to have paid any attention to the affair.

In fact, people in the Mormon towns had learned that even if anything of this kind did occur, it was "always best not to interfere." There were, however, two neighbors who saw it all.

After leaving her in this condition for a few minutes, and noticing no sign of returning life, he went to the well and

drew a bucket of water, and threw it at one swoop all over the lifeless form.

The sudden reaction caused a struggle, and in a few minutes she regained consciousness, when he began to tell her that unless she did as he told her in every particular, he would "cut her head clean off," and he exhibited a butcher-knife, which nearly every one in those times used to carry in his belt.

She shuddered with horror at his brutality, and seemed to ask him to release her, but he paid no attention, further than to kick her once or twice with his cowhide boots.

He left her occasionally, but never took his eye off her, and in about an hour he went to her and wrenched the gag from her mouth, and seating himself near, he told her she might "talk now if you want to."

The poor creature was almost crazy, but in the best way she could, she assured him she would never offend him again.

Not satisfied with this, he struck her several severe blows with the whip, and as she cried out, one of his other wives opened the door to see what was going on, but a threatening motion soon caused her disappearance.

A young man and woman were just passing in front of the house, and hearing the voice of a woman in distress, he slipped between the poles of the fence, and was shortly in full view of the scene.

This young man, who was engaged to the young lady who accompanied him, we will call Harry Jeroam. He at once began to remonstrate with Brother Smithson, and had it not been for the presence of his affianced, a terrible conflict between the two men would have ensued, without doubt, as Jeroam told him he "ought to have your infernal brains blown out, to treat a woman like that."

Before the young couple departed, the woman was released and led into the house, from which she never emerged until when, some two months afterwards, she became the mother of her first child, which, by the edict of nature, had been an unconscious participant in the horrible affair which I have briefly told.

This narrative, however, is chiefly given to show the fate of those who interfere with "husband and wife in Zion."

Not long afterwards, young Jeroam and his sweetheart "went through the Endowment House," and were married "for time and eternity."

They had a comfortable home, and Harry was progressing nicely in a business well suited to his tastes, when they were ordered to move out into the country, to a small settlement of four or five families in a cañon, a few miles distant.

Of course it was useless to think of anything other than to "obey counsel," and shortly they disposed of their place at a great loss, and started to their destination.

While Harry was building a small log hut of one room, they lodged in a tent which he had bought from a Californian emigrant.

In a few weeks the house was ready for occupancy, and the young couple tried to believe that they were comfortable, although they saw no prospects of material wealth in that locality. They had been assured by the priesthood "that the Lord will bless and prosper you, if you are faithful and keep His commandments," and they had some faith in the promise.

They had only been in their new location about a month, when they learned, by a circuitous process, that Brother Smithson had been the cause of their being "called on a mission." Harry could scarcely believe it, but the evidence was conclusive, and he, after a long and deliberate consultation with his wife, decided to say nothing about it, as it was "probably all for the best."

It appears that Smithson was a great favorite of the Bishop of the Ward in which Jeroam had previously resided, and as the old Bishop had one or two obstreperous "women" whom he found it necessary at times to subdue, they had decided that "the young man had better be taught a lesson;" and so the Bishop recommended Jeroam for a mission. He was accordingly called at the next Conference.

In their new home they were exposed to all sorts of dangers and annoyances. The road over which the emigrants passed was in close proximity to the humble domicile of the Jeroams, and although at times a dollar or two would be received in exchange for milk and butter, they were often imposed upon in many ways by the rough land voyagers,

who, in their reckless way, had little respect for the rights of other people.

The active life which Harry was compelled to pursue to earn a living caused him to be absent from his home in the mountains quite frequently.

One day on his return, after an absence of two nights and three days, his wife met him at the door with the usual kiss, but Harry spitefully pushed her away. With tears in her eyes and her heart almost broken, she begged him to tell her the cause of his trouble.

He avoided her, and as soon as he had attended to his team, he went to the house of a neighbor and there took some food, refusing to eat in his own house.

When night came and he did not return, she went to the stable, where he had made his bed, and endeavored to get him into conversation, but all he would say was, "Go away, and don't bother me, for God's sake."

She stood at the door, begging and crying for him to speak to her, until her heart almost broke and her brain seemed to give way, when she wandered down to the mountain stream, and endeavored to make up her mind to destroy herself, but finally nerving herself for another interview, she crept quietly back to the stable, and after carefully listening, she found that Harry had dozed off, and she laid herself quietly at his side, on the dirty floor of the damp stable.

In a few minutes he moved uneasily in his sleep, and muttered something which she could not understand. She listened with eagerness, and finally she heard him say: "I must kill her; it is my duty. She will be damned forever. She must die—must die."

Raising his hand, he seized his pillow, and as if in the act of choking a person, he said, with all the vehemence of a madman: "My God! I have done it; but it was right."

She gently said: "Harry! Harry! what's the matter?" when he seemed instantaneously to realize that he had been dreaming, and glaring at her, he called her by a name only applicable to the most degraded women, and seizing her by the throat, he threw her on the ground, and in an instant, releasing her, he said: "Let me ask you a question: who was that man who stayed at the house while I was away? Tell me the truth."

Feeling assured that he was indeed insane, she struggled to free herself, and finally said: "Harry! my dear, sweet Harry! why, what has come over you? No one has been at the house—neither man nor woman. What do you mean?" And seizing him in her arms, she implanted a passionate kiss upon his lips, and fainted in his arms.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TROUBLES OF THE JEROAMS. The villainous Simkin. The Danite's work. "Curse you both." Brother Smithson and the Priesthood avenged.

A faint gleam of the moon had dimly lighted the interior of the stable, which was roughly constructed of logs, between which there were openings often three or four inches, where the unevenness of the material and the crudeness of the workmanship had failed to bring symmetry.

By the light of the moon, as it shone through the crevices, young Jeroam could see that his wife was deathly pale, and fearing fatal results, he bore her to the house, which was only a few yards away, and there he laid her upon the tempting bed, which she had prepared for their mutual occupancy.

She had left the light burning in the house when she went in search of her husband, and by its glare he saw that it was necessary to resuscitate her at once, as life had almost fled.

Fearing to leave her, even for a moment, he was unable to procure any assistance, so that the success of his undertaking depended entirely upon his own exertions.

After continued efforts, he was at last rewarded by observing a slight struggle, and soon she opened her eyes. He immediately raised her head, when she asked: "What is the matter? Have I been dreaming?"

He comforted her by telling her not to worry; that all would be well, and that there must be some horrid mistake some way.

When she recovered consciousness, she at last persuaded him to tell her what had troubled him, and although he seemed fully convinced of the stories which had been told to him, she soon proved to him the impossibility of anything occurring like that which he had been told.

After many caresses, they at last retired to bed, and when morning came, all their troubles were over, and each wondered how such silly things could have brought so much misery.

All went merrily with the young couple for a few weeks, and it seemed that their hearts were more closely welded than ever, through the tortures which they had recently endured.

About this time, a young man named Simkin came to live in the neighborhood, he having been called to settle in the same little town as the Jeroams were living.

Simkin had been very fond of Mrs. Jeroam in her girlhood, and when she finally told him she did not love him, and really did love some one else, his eyes flashed fire, and he told her to beware, as he would punish her for her obstinacy, no matter how long a time might elapse before he "had a chance."

His coming to the little town was a source of much anxiety to her, and at times she felt like telling her husband the cause of her uneasiness, but fearing the peculiar jealousy which had been aroused in him on the previous occasion, she decided to say nothing about the matter.

Harry had never known of the attentions shown to her by young Simkin, and as he was a jolly kind of fellow, Harry had invited him to the house in one or two cases. During these visits Mrs. Jeroam was always very unhappy, and when she saw a growing intimacy between him and her husband, she feared some disagreeable results would follow.

One day Harry said to her: "That fellow, Simkin, is one of the best-hearted fellows I ever saw. He seems willing to do everything for me, and I am thinking of going into a kind of partnership with him. If I do, we can arrange to have him make his home with us."

A look of distrust passed over the face of Mrs. Jeroam, who, when asked what she thought of the proposition, said: "I wouldn't do it, Harry;" and then, with tears in her eyes, she said: "I wouldn't bring him here, and I wish you would have nothing to do with him." Harry was dumbfounded.

Telling her it was one of her silly whims, they dismissed the subject, and were cosily discussing a pleasant breakfast, when Simkin came to the door to ask Harry a question.

Harry invited him to breakfast, and as soon as they commenced talking, Mrs. Jeroam discovered that the arrangements between them were almost concluded, and it seemed difficult for her to understand by what means her husband could avoid associating himself with this man without breaking his word.

She listened with a woman's anxiety to every word, and when the breakfast was over, she was almost beside herself with grief at the turn things had taken.

As soon as she could again speak to Harry, she begged him to arrange so that Simkin should not make his home with them, no matter what else had to be done.

While talking with her husband, she observed some small stakes which had been driven in the ground near the house, and she asked him what they were for. He told her that he had arranged to build another room for Simkin, and that the logs which were near the stable had been hauled by Simkin for that purpose.

She begged of him to prevent this at any cost, as, if he came, she felt that their home would be "a home no longer." He laughed at her fears, but he told her he would see what could be done in the case.

That morning he had a long talk with Simkin, and as his suspicions had been aroused that something existed between the two which was not exactly as it should be, he watched very closely every word spoken by Simkin.

At last Harry said: "I wish you would say what you will take to let me out of that arrangement I made in regard to building a room on the house for you to live in. My wife says she will need the room badly, and I really think there would be no comfort for you there."

Simkin had set his mind more firmly on this part of the contract than on any other, and in his rage and disappointment he said: "That's right; back out altogether;" and then, tauntingly, he said: "Damn a man that'll let a woman manage him, anyhow!"

Harry was terribly annoyed, but keeping his temper, he asked Simkin to relieve him from that part of the contract, but he doggedly said: "No, I won't; either all or nothing. You know I have no home, and after all the arrangements I have made, it's infernal mean of you to cheat me this way."

You can have the logs, and go to hell, where you will go before long, you damned apostate !”

Harry asked him to be cool, and think the matter over quietly, but he refused, and said : “ From this time we are enemies, and look out that you don’t cross me again.”

Mrs. Jeroam, immediately upon the return of her husband, questioned him in regard to the result of the conversation, but Harry was too much annoyed to say anything further than that it was the last time he should allow her to interfere with his arrangements.

She, in her womanly weakness, begged her husband to go and make friends with Simkin, and she promised that she would be kind to him, and make him comfortable in every way. Harry laughed at her changeability, but reasoning that the delicate condition of his wife’s health caused these strange whims, he good-naturedly said : “ No ; it has gone too far. We are sworn enemies for life ; and all through you.”

The woman, through her fears, cried and entreated her husband to fetch him to the house, so that she could again cement their friendship, and in a semi-desperation, she declared that she would see Simkin and make the matter all right with him.

Harry advised her never to speak to him again, and told her that if he ever came to the house, to shut the door in his face.

Mrs. Jeroam secretly determined, at all hazards, to save trouble between her husband and the desperate Simkin, and when Harry had gone off with his team to haul a load of sand, she saw Simkin standing near the fence, and asked him to come into the house, as she wanted to speak to him.

He was only too glad of this opportunity to see her, as it afforded him the means of carrying out the plan which he was under instructions from his superiors in the priesthood to perfect, and as his own spleen was also to be gratified, the task was doubly interesting.

Just as he entered the house, Harry returned on one of his horses to get a chain to mend the broken brake on his wagon, and he saw them enter the house together.

Enraged beyond degree, he entered the stable, in the endeavor to cool his anger, but the more he thought, the more enraged he became.

Rushing into the house, he demanded the cause of this clandestine interview, and before either could explain, he struck Simkin a blow which knocked him down among the hot ashes on the fireplace.

In a moment he was up again, and the two men were prepared for the deadly conflict. Each with a butcher-knife in his hand, rushed upon the other, when Mrs. Jeroam, in her excitement, threw herself between them. At this moment Simkin saw his opportunity, and with a fearful thrust of the knife, he slew the woman and the unborn child of the man he hated with one blow.

The men fought like tigers, and at last they fell, exhausted from the loss of blood. Both were mortally wounded in several places, and the fight was ended. The poor woman, in horrible agonies, was writhing on the floor near the dying men, when Simkin raised his head upon his arm and said: "You'll never interfere with Brother Smithson again, I guess. I was told to do it, and I've done it. Curse you both!"

CHAPTER X.

HOW I CAME TO WRITE THIS BOOK. The principles of Mormonism. The influence of the Danites. A warning voice. The brave opponents of Mormonism in Utah.

I have, as will be observed, made no attempt to paint the horrid scenes which I have presented, with the colors of the novelist or dramatist, who must see therein all the incidents of profound romance and tragic horror. Having never written a book on any subject before, it is not to be expected that this little work shall possess any literary merit, and it is but natural that I should fail to invest the portrayal with anything of the character of the real occurrences. Most of the cases to which I have referred, and shall hereafter refer, are parts of my actual experience, and are as indelibly stamped in my memory as are the recollections of my life in any other particulars, intensified by the fact that they have been, and now often are, the subject of my dreams, which I now at last begin to realize are "the hell upon earth," which we often hear spoken of.

Just why I should now tell, for the first time, many of the incidents herein, I cannot tell, further than that I am aware that a fair regard for personal safety was the chief cause of my silence for a long time, added to which was a superstitious fear that in telling anything of this kind, I was doing "wrong in the sight of God," as I had often been assured was the case by those "set over me in the priesthood."

Recently, although I have but little faith in the doctrines of the Spiritualists, I have almost begun to believe that the influences which seem to prompt me to write are no more nor less than the spirits of those who, having been deprived of their existence upon this earth, by the aid of myself and many others of my intimate acquaintances, have formed a compact to use me as an instrument to let their friends know something more of the iniquities of the Mormon Church.

I have no reason for this impression, other than that a horrible feeling of depression came over me some months ago, and something seemed to say to me, "Write; write; write."

I had no subject on my mind, and am not a writer, either by profession or instinct, so that I could not understand why I should be thus impressed. After this importuning had continued for several days, I one Sunday afternoon retired to my room, and seemingly in a semi-conscious condition, I fell upon my knees and asked forgiveness of God for all I had done that was wrong, and while kneeling, a great change of feeling came over me.

I rose and seated myself at my desk, and placing paper, pens and ink near me, I seemed to be about to write a letter to an absent friend, when my eyes closed involuntarily, and I heard my pen scratching rapidly over the surface of the paper, and when I again recovered consciousness, I saw that I had written the whole of the first chapter and the headings of the remaining sixteen.

Here was my work started and mapped out with such detail, that I saw exactly what I was to do, and all that has been done so far has been done apparently with no effort on my part, other than that in reading over the manuscript I made a few unimportant changes in the phraseology.

To the uninitiated it must be hard to believe that the circumstances related can have any foundation in truth, but when it is considered what the peculiar beliefs of the Mormon people are, it is much more easily understood, as for the effects one finds the causes.

The Mormons are first taught to believe in God "to have faith," as it is termed, and coupled with their faith in God, they are required to believe that God is really present in the priesthood of the Mormon Church. They believe that it is as great a wrong to disobey the priesthood in any particular as to directly defy the Creator, because these men are inspired by God, and are really the agents of His will, delegated with full authority to attend to the affairs of the God-head here upon earth.

When a man once accepts this as the ground-work of his faith, it is easy to understand that a ponderous superstructure of fanaticism can readily be constructed thereon.

Next they are taught repentance, which, as they define it, is to "cease to do evil and learn to do well;" but the priests hold the right to say what is evil and what is well. Then comes baptism for the "remission of sins," which is supposed to wash the convert clean from all the sins of the wicked world, from which he is expected thereafter to withdraw himself, and "listen only to the still, small voice" of the spirit of God, "as revealed through His priesthood."

Next comes Tithing. This is the acceptance of an agreement to pay to the Church one-tenth of the entire earnings of the family, "for the support of the Church and the up-building of the kingdom of God here upon the earth."

Then the convert is taught that it is his duty to "gather to Zion," the home of the Mormon people, now in Utah.

Polygamy is next in order, and it becomes the duty of every man to obey the "Celestial Law," by taking additional wives, and the women are taught that they must obey, under penalty of being "destroyed in the flesh." All are assured that obedience thereto is a guarantee of salvation, even should the convert "commit all manner of sin except the shedding of innocent blood, and the sin against the Holy Ghost,"—the latter the "unpardonable sin," so much talked of among the Mormon people.

The "shedding of innocent blood" does not apply to the killing of a gentile or an apostate, as their blood is defined as "guilty," so that murders of this kind have no influence against salvation, but to kill a brother Mormon without the permission of the priesthood, is the shedding of innocent blood.

The "sin against the Holy Ghost," the unpardonable sin, is the failure to obey the behests of the priesthood in any particular, and the divulging of the secrets of the Endowment House, or the betraying of a fellow Danite into the hands of the gentiles."

For these there is no pardon, and nothing but the "blood of the guilty one offered as a sacrifice before God," can "save his or her soul from utter annihilation."

A Mormon who fails to kill any person who has had "an opportunity to embrace the Gospel," and then turns against it, is really "derelict of duty," as the priests define it.

He is taught that the "keys of eternal life" can only be received through the ceremonies of the Endowment House, and he is forced through there by every influence which can be brought to bear upon him.

This Endowment House affair is a sort of Free-Masonry, to which is added oaths especially adapted to the uses of Mormonism, and a number of oaths are prescribed much after the manner of the A. F. & A. M.

In this case though, the oaths are all of a treasonable and bloodthirsty character, and the penalties are of the most horrible nature. I remember, when I "went through the house," the horrible oaths and penalties were present in my dreams and memory for several months, whereas in my previous experience in Masonic initiation, there was nothing but pleasurable recollections, although the ceremonies were fully as elaborate and otherwise as impressive.

The story of this treasonable "sink-hole of iniquity," as a brave and honest journal of Utah has characterized it, has been so often told, that I refrain from giving details.

Complete and absolute "obedience to the priesthood" is here inculcated, and if in addition to the other obligations, the responsibilities of polygamy have been assumed, as in my case, all individual identity is gone, and from that time the convert is a slave in the fullest sense. He must preach,

pray, lie, seduce, murder, or do anything good, bad, or indifferent, in the interest of the Mormon Church.

From that time, he must no longer regard the laws of the land, but must do his utmost to "break down all governments, destroy all peoples, and build up Zion, on the ruin of its enemies," which means every one who does not submit to the dictation of the priesthood.

Many of the more devout are still further "honored" by being initiated into the order of "Danites," an organization which is under obligations to "bite the heel" of the enemies of Zion." They hold themselves in readiness at all times to destroy any one, even each other, when so ordered by the heads of the Church.

The peculiar situation of the Mormons renders them liable to many attacks from parties outside of their Church, and not infrequently, some earnest man or woman becomes conspicuous in opposition to their bestiality.

These prominent ones are "spotted," and the Danites are told to "hold themselves in readiness as Minute Men" for "final orders," which, when received, seal the fate of the party concerned, although it may, for especial reasons, take years in its accomplishment.

Although I have been absent from the headquarters of the Mormons for a long time, I am in communication with those who post me on some matters, and I am therefore cognizant of the fact that several people who are now among the leaders of the opposition to the Mormon Church, and who now reside in Salt Lake City, are doomed to a destruction from which there is not and cannot be any escape, short of a continued residence in a foreign country.

I have warned several of them, in an indirect way, but their brave hearts seem to know no fear, working as they do, in a full knowledge of the righteousness of their cause.

When I think of these noble people, I often say to myself that perhaps my natural cowardice will be of use to better men some time; for if I had been brave in my opposition when my eyes were first opened to the enormity of my criminal participation, I should long since have been laid away, and then I could not have raised this warning cry to save others.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE. The picked nine. The compact. The captain's orders. The lust of the brethren.

The wholesale assassination of the Arkansas emigrants at Mountain Meadows, in Utah, is remembered by everybody who ever paid the slightest attention to Mormonism and its history.

The members of the Church always assert that the Indians destroyed the emigrants for the purpose of avenging themselves for wrongs done them by the Arkansans while passing through Southern Utah.

The truth of the matter is, that the whole train was doomed long before it reached the Rocky Mountains; for as soon as it was discovered by some Mormons who made their acquaintance "on the plains," that there were some parties in the train bearing the same names as those of men who had engaged in hostilities against the Mormons during their expulsion, news was sent to "headquarters" in Salt Lake City.

It had been rumored around to some extent, that a "train of mobocrats" would soon pass through Salt Lake City on their way to California, and many of "the faithful" had begun to swear vengeance on them, even weeks before their arrival.

Along came the train, slowly moving right into the very jaws of death; but not a man in the outfit had the slightest intimation of danger.

It was known only to a few at the time, and it never became at all extensively known that a plot was laid to "use them all up" before they reached Utah. In fact, there were three separate and distinct plans arranged for their massacre before they entered Salt Lake Valley.

The first one was arranged to culminate at the Sweetwater Crossings, and a party of Mormons and Indians watched for three days and nights for an opportunity to attack them to advantage; but the plan was abandoned on account of the large number of men in the train, and the excellent management of the leaders of the train.

Not far from what is now known as Echo Station, another attempt was made, and after similar investigations, it was abandoned for the same reasons.

The Danite and Indian forces were enlarged, and at the foot of the Little Mountain, in Emigration Cañon, the third attempt was made to slaughter the emigrants, and as this seemed to be the last chance before they should enter the Salt Lake Valley, we made some desperate efforts to "obey our orders."

It was found impossible to make a "good job of it," as we had been told to do, and a few of us rode in the night to the Presidency and reported our failure.

I shall never forget the fears and anxieties which we endured after we were told in the Council that we were "cowards, or it might have been done long ago."

We considered ourselves fated, but next morning, at an early hour, we were awakened from our slumbers in a room not far from the *Deseret News* office, and told by one of the clerks that we were wanted in the President's office.

It appears that a consultation lasting through the entire night had been held in the Historian's office near by, and it was finally decided that in case a certain number of us would pledge ourselves to "carry the thing through" before the train left Utah, we were to be forgiven.

While disguised as an Indian in one of the attacks before mentioned, I had been wounded in the thigh by a bullet from one of the guns of the Arkansans, and as it was suggested that such a pledge ought to be signed, it was agreed on, and to make the bond the more impressive, it was ordered by the Chief of the Council that it be signed with "blood from that wound."

A pen which had been used in ordinary ink (in fact, it was one which had been used to indite a "General Epistle to all the Saints throughout the World," as I remember seeing the document lying on a table in the room) was pressed into the wound, and a sufficient quantity of ink adhered to write one of the names, and so on the process was repeated until that terrible compact was sealed.

While the Chief was sealing the envelope containing this document, we were ordered to draw our bowie-knives, and placing the blades in contact, so that the points were aimed

at the written agreement, we repeated in unison the words "By God" three times, and the "Mountain Meadow Massacre" was "done all but doing," as the Chief laughingly said.

Of course, we had no idea at this time just when or where we would accomplish the using up of the party, but while it was indefinitely understood that somewhere near Provo might be a good place, as "the lake might be handy," it was distinctly understood—in fact, it was written in our pledge—that "their blood should be shed on the soil of Utah, as a sacrifice for the sins of our enemies."

We returned that day to the little camp in the mountains which we had left the night previous, and there were disbanded to meet again at a certain signal.

Returning to the city, we went on with our usual avocations, and the following day we saw the long train slowly crawling up on the bench, a short distance south of what is now Fort Douglas.

How lucky it would have been for the fated train if Fort Douglas had been there then!

They came and passed gradually further south, and some of our party were continually on the lookout, for the purpose of ascertaining all that was necessary to our design.

It so happened that some trifling disputes arose between the members of the train and the Mormon settlers along the line of travel, and a strong feeling of hatred grew up on account of these little misunderstandings, which, of course, we, as the prime movers of the enterprise, did not omit to enlarge upon in our interest.

As the story has been so often told, I shall content myself with the giving of a few points never before made public, trusting to my readers to find other sources for details.

Nine of us had been selected, and in our hands was the responsibility of the enterprise. Our plans were, from the nature of things, very indefinite, and about all that really was clear was that we should employ "every Indian that can be trusted."

We were all "old hands at the business," and some of us could "talk Injin" as well as we could our mother tongue.

We were constantly on the lookout for opportunities, and yet it seemed almost impossible to find a suitable place and time.

One thing was clear, and that was that we would have to resort to strategy, and also it appeared advisable to increase our forces very materially.

We carried with us—that is, our Captain did—certain documents, which authorized us to call to our assistance all the military and other aid which might seem necessary, and accordingly, as we saw the crisis approaching, the Captain called on the Bishops and the presiding officers of the southern settlements, and presenting his credentials, he was at once supplied with whatever was required.

As he has gone beyond all further harm, it may not be out of place to say that John D. Lee (the only real name I shall mention in this book) was one of the men who came to our assistance on the influence of the papers carried by our Captain.

He was one of the last men in the world who was at all fitted to bear the blame of that affair. His complicity was of a trifling nature compared with men who to-day live, and some others who have died without punishment.

In his heart old John revolted, I believe, but of course he had to “obey those orders from headquarters,” which were to be seen by “those intended, but handled by no one, on pain of death.”

What a mystic force there is in a simple piece of paper, when subscribed with names of men in power!

The train at last reached the spot which we had selected some days previously, and the words “now or never” were passed in a whisper from one to the other.

The Indians were very anxious to commence the attack, as we had promised them everything which an Indian delights in, from whisky to “pretty white squaws,” and we came very near to failure on account of their impetuosity.

About forty Indians and nearly one hundred Mormons were engaged in the affair, and probably five hundred of the members of the Church, who did not take actual part in the slaughter, contributed willingly by the loaning of guns, pistols, horses, etc., to those who did the deed.

Nothing in my experience can equal the scene immediately after the massacre. For a long distance the whole valley was covered with the dead bodies of men, women and

children, presenting the most sickening and horrible sight imaginable.

In several instances the Indians captured women, and after glutting their animal appetites, severed the heads of the victims from the bodies, and left them, in some cases, a mile away from the scene of the massacre.

Some of the Mormons even outdid the Indians in their horrid lust. One of them, I remember, boasted to me that he had captured five of the young women, and forcing them into a wagon, compelled them to submit to the outrages of himself and "others of the brethren," who afterwards "shot them through the head."

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEGRADATION OF WOMEN IN UTAH. The treatment of fault-finders. Dipped in the pond. The brutality which the degradation of women engenders in men.

A great deal has been said and written about the deplorable condition of the female sex in Utah, under Mormon influences, but it is impossible to realize the actual servitude, and worse than Asiatic slavery which belong to their condition, except by a personal acquaintance with all the facts.

The reason for the general ignorance in regard to the miseries of these poor creatures is readily given: it is the inability of the average American mind to conceive of the possibility of such things existing in a land blest like our nation is, with all the advantages of moral, political and religious liberty. This natural disbelief in the statements made precludes the investigation necessary to ascertain the facts.

I ask my readers to be kind enough to remember that the seeming improbability of any statement I may make on this subject be not allowed much weight in their minds, because my whole life has been spent among these people, and it is impossible for me to be mistaken. Further than that, unfortunately, in my earlier experiences, I had as much to do with demoralizing and enslaving women as any other man in the Mormon Church.

I am glad that my eyes were opened before my course had been further followed, so that I could, as I have done, make some reparation.

It is not of myself, though, that I purpose to say anything, but rather to give a general idea of the effects of Mormon doctrines upon the gentler sex.

Isolated as we were, "a thousand miles from anywhere," with the whole theory of the Church entirely against the natural instincts of womanhood, it is easy to understand how, with a lecherous and avaricious priesthood, the rights of women evaporated.

If a woman made a complaint about anything, no matter what its nature might be, she was immediately silenced by threats of bodily punishment, which was generally inflicted, and just in the way that a teamster manages an unruly mule.

A pitchfork handle, a club, a whip, or any other convenient weapon, was used upon the poor creatures with a ferocity which exceeded that of the most violent overseers of the slaves in the Southern States.

Thousands of unborn children have been slain in this way by the brutal treatment of the male parents, who with their heavy cowhide boots, kicked and abused delicate women, to an extent infinitely beyond any brutality ever dealt out to a worthless cur.

A common phrase with reference to these occurrences was: "I booted it out of her!"

There was no redress. The Bishops made it a point to refuse to listen to any woman's complaint, on the ground that if they did, "they might do nothing else."

The Courts were entirely beyond the reach of any woman, and even if they had not been, nothing could have been gained, as generally the Bishops were the Judges also.

The last poor consolation of the women was also systematically taken from them, as by the united efforts of the male sex, all opportunity for relating their personal troubles were taken from the women, under the most horrible threats, "if ever a word of complaint came to their hearing."

On one occasion, I remember, a certain Mrs. Hannah Jones, a very kind-hearted woman, had listened with sympathy to the relation of the troubles and trials of a near neighbor, and she, without a thought of the consequences,

repeated the statements to one who carried the news to the husband of the complainant.

He at once demanded satisfaction, and Mrs. Jones was told that as he was "responsible for the actions of his woman," something must be done by him to set an example "to the other darned fool women."

Mr. Jones gently remonstrated with his wife, but she declared that what she said "was so," and she "didn't care."

Jones the next day related this to the parties in interest, and after asking him what he proposed to do about it, and his replying that "he couldn't do anything else," he was assured that "her case shall be attended to."

That night Mr. and Mrs. Jones were suddenly awakened by being rudely dragged out of bed by a party of men, who never spoke a word, but proceeded to bind, hand and foot, the two terrified victims.

As soon as they were secured, a gag, made out of a corn-cob, was placed in the mouth of each, and the door opened to admit a woman who was in her night-clothes, and also gagged and bound, but her lower limbs were free, so as to allow her to walk.

Mr. Jones was thrown on the bed, and a rope secured him firmly to the bedstead, when the two women were tied together with a rope, which had a slip-noose at either end. It was thrown over the head of each, and pulled tightly around the neck.

A man with a gun was left to watch the husband who was tied to the bedstead, and the women were marched away without a word.

The women recognized one another, and seemed to understand the situation, but being unable to speak, they could not explain their feelings to each other.

There were four men in charge of them, all of them, like the one left on guard, armed with pistols and guns, and their faces were masked beyond all recognition.

They forced the women to march across a stubble field and over rocks, through willows and mud, and then across a sagebrush country nearly a mile, to a small lake, which, as soon as they reached, foretold the fate of the women, who each had heard of similar occurrences to that which they now saw was in store for them.

The women simultaneously fell on their knees to beg for their release, but their misery elicited no sympathy from the men who had been selected to attend to the affair.

Mrs. Jones was thrown on her back, and then securely tied to a clump of willows which grew near the edge of the pond.

The men then seized the other woman (she who had given Mrs. Jones the details of her misery), and after tying a rope securely around her ankles, they threw her head-first into the pond, which at that point was about ten feet deep.

Many a time since then have I stood on that very spot, and pictured to myself that scene !

They immediately pulled her out, and leaving her to recover as best she might, they seized Mrs. Jones and threw her into the pond in the same manner.

The rope slipped off one of her feet, and becoming entangled with some weeds in the bottom of the pond, the foot which was free held her under the water so long that the men became somewhat alarmed ; but by "main strength and awkwardness," as one of them afterward said, they managed to pull her out.

For a few minutes the two women, lying on the shore of the little lake, seemed like two corpses just drawn from watery graves.

Signs of returning consciousness being manifested, one of the men pulled from his pocket a tin tube some two inches in diameter and about a foot long, and placing it to his mouth, so as to disguise his voice, he asked the two women : "Will you keep your damned mouths shut, and stop finding fault with your husbands after this?" And then to Mrs. Jones he said : "You old cat ! you don't want any more of this, and I guess you'll behave yourself.

The women made signs of every kind to assure the men of their utmost obedience hereafter, and finally they were ordered to return to their homes, and "say nothing about this midnight baptizing ; d'ye hear?"

The younger woman had a beautiful form, and the single garment, clinging as closely as the skin itself, revealed its every detail.

The men in turns toyed with her person as they drove the women along, and for every lustful touch with the hand

which the younger received, the old lady received a kick with the heavy boot of one of the men, who told her he did it to keep her "from being jealous."

At last they reached the house of Mr. Jones, and the guard inside was ordered to release him.

The ropes were taken from Mrs. Jones, and with a brutal kick, she was hurled headlong into the house, and full length on the floor.

They were told that if they made the least alarm for five hours, a guard who was to remain would "blow their brains out."

The younger woman was then denuded of her only garment, and leaving the gag in her mouth, with her hands tied together, the men told her to "Git!"

They chased her for about half a mile, occasionally striking her with small willows, with which they had provided themselves, and then they left her to make her way home as best she could.

A month afterwards she gave birth to a child, who to this day has never been made acquainted with the brutal treatment of his mother, although he has now reached manhood.

It is, perhaps, the best possible commentary to mention the fact that the son stands high in the estimation of the priesthood, while the mother seems to be more staunch than ever in her devotion to this beastly Church.

At this late date, though, I can readily understand that even if the poor woman should feel at any time tempted to disclose her maltreatment, her life would be endangered.

Undoubtedly, she knows this fact as well as I do.

When, oh, when will this horrid institution of Mormonism receive its just reward?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COMMERCIAL INFLUENCE OF MORMONISM. The traps and pit-falls set for the feet of offenders. The tragedy. The female Mormon. "Fed to the hogs."

One very interesting feature of Mormonism, and one in which we are all more or less interested, in a financial sense, is the commercial influence which the priests wield in connection with their so-called religious duties.

No matter who comes into the community, and regardless of the inducements he may offer in regard to the quality and price of his wares, it is almost impossible to do any business, because of the fearful penalties attached to the "trading with gentiles."

In any other part of this great country, a man is free to trade, free to do any kind of business, free to speculate in any commodity, untrammelled by any church, or the priests of any organization. Nowhere on the American continent does the influence of any religious sect attempt to interfere with the secular affairs of the people, and in no case does a church prevent its members trading with those not of its faith, except in priest-ridden, down-trodden Utah.

Out in a successful farming district, a clever young man sees a fair prospect for business, and after making some inquiries in regard to the amount of grain raised, and generally the extent and character of the dealings of the people of that section, he conceives the idea of opening a store.

Alone, or in company with other energetic companions, he embarks in the new enterprise, only to reap disaster.

There is no more chance to do a successful trading business with such people than there is to sell goods to the buffaloes on the prairie.

The people, under the instructions of their priests, will buy everything of you that you will credit them with, but they never pay you. In this particular they are the most dishonest and treacherous people on the face of the earth. They will use every conceivable artifice to entrap you into opening an account with them, and after prevailing on your sympathies, will in the end insult you when you try to get a settlement with them.

The only thing to do, in a case of this kind, is to bear your burdens easily, for if you go before a court, you will be sure to meet, both in the judge and the jury, men who have sworn to be avenged on you and the class you represent, and it is impossible to get justice.

In many cases your life will be endangered by endeavoring to collect an account of any of the Mormon people.

I have in my remembrance an instance bearing on this point, which I will relate, as it occurs to me that sample cases tell more than a mere generalization.

Two young men, whose names shall be John Fisher and Thomas Hunter, opened a store in a settlement not far from the chief city of Utah, and being of a very pleasant nature, they soon built up quite a thriving trade.

No sooner was it discovered that these young men (both of whom had left the Mormon Church some years before) were selling a considerable quantity of merchandise, than the Bishop of the town began to lay plans for their destruction.

They were model young men in every respect, but it was said that young Hunter had joined the Methodist Church, or in some manner had associated himself therewith, and that was sufficient to condemn the firm. In addition to the fact that they did not belong to the Mormon Church, it was discovered that this young man was a thorough Christian, which, in the eyes of a Mormon, is a crime greater than the stealing of horses.

Accordingly, a deeper plot seemed necessary than is applicable to the punishment of ordinary "interlopers," as such men are generally called, and often with some very inelegant, though forcible, prefixes.

One Monday morning, just as these young men were about to commence their weekly labors, a rough specimen of the class of Mormons known as "Danites" rode up to the door of the store and asked for "Tom Hunter."

He was immediately introduced by his young partner, when the following colloquy ensued :

Danite.—"Your name's Tom Hunter, is it?"

Hunter.—"Yes, sir."

Danite.—"Well, by ——, you take it cool ! Do you know who I am?"

Hunter.—"No, sir, I do not. But what do you mean by taking it cool? I don't understand you."

Danite.—"You seduced my sister, —— —— you !"

At this point Fisher endeavored to explain, declaring that there was a mistake somewhere. He said it was impossible that the statement could be true, and coolly gave several reasons to support his statement.

Hunter was very much annoyed, but feeling assured that the man had made some terrible blunder, he quietly asked :

"Who is your sister, sir?"

Danite.—“You know, you —— —— gentile! My name is Bill Robson, and the girl’s name is Sally. You know all about it;” and for the purpose of emphasizing this statement, he drew a bowie-knife, and plunged it clear through the lid of a cracker-box which lay near him.

Hunter.—“You seem to be very much excited, as is quite natural, under the circumstances, but I can assure you that you are entirely mistaken.”

Danite.—“Am I? We’ll see about that;” and looking outside, he beckoned two men who had just arrived on horseback, and they immediately dismounted and tied their horses to a post in front of the door.

The store was a short distance from the more thickly-populated part of the little town, and at this hour there seemed to be no one stirring, so that these occurrences attracted no attention.

It is not at all unlikely, however, that all the “faithful” knew well what was about to occur, and if they did, they had been too well trained to notice anything.

Bill, addressing one of the men, said: “Sal, take off your toggery, and let this fellow see who you are.” Immediately, the taller one of the two who had just arrived, pulled off her slouch hat, and threw down on to the floor a man’s coat, and Sally Robson stood before them.

The upper portion of her frame was clothed with the ordinary dress of her sex, but she wore a pair of pants and boots belonging to her brother.

“Sal,” said Bill, “this damned Methodist denies that he ever had anything to do with you.” At this moment young Fisher endeavored to secure a gun that was standing in the corner, but Bill was too keen for him, and with a quick motion, he threw the young man to the ground and raised his knife as if to cut Fisher’s throat.

“Sal, what do you say? Did he do it? Speak quick now. Did he?”

“Yes, he did, damn him! and I hate him!” said Sal.

“Well,” said Bill, “you know what you ought to do to him. Do it! Do it!” cried Bill, as she seemed to hesitate.

Harry Sykes, the companion of the woman, rushed at young Hunter, and with a blow that would have felled an ox, struck him over the head with the butt of a revolver.

Fisher endeavored to rise, but Bill held him firmly to the ground, with the knife at his throat.

The woman drew a long knife from her belt, and at a signal from Bill, and right before the eyes of his helpless partner, she plunged the knife into the abdomen of the prostrate man, and by the assistance of Sykes, a gash was made from which the intestines gushed out.

Laughingly, Sykes said: "If we just had some hogs here, it would be complete," referring to the Endowment House penalty—"the cutting out of the entrails and feeding them to the hogs"—the fate of one who divulges the secrets of the Mormon Church.

The girl was horrified at her deed, and almost fainted when she realized what she had done. Bill stepped forward to catch her, and thus gave young Fisher a chance to escape.

He rushed out of the open doorway, and screaming at the top of his voice, he ran like a deer toward the nearest house.

Bill observed this at once, and mounting his horse, he caught up with Fisher before going more than an eighth of a mile, and with a dextrous swing of a lariat, soon made the young man a prisoner.

"You infernal fool!" said Bill, "we meant to let you go, but now your goose is cooked;" and regardless of the young man's struggles, Bill rode his horse at a lively pace, and dragged young Fisher behind him.

When they reached the store, Sally, assisted by her boon companion, had re-adjusted her disguise, and they were awaiting the command of Bill.

The two men dragged Fisher into the store, and in a few minutes the two partners, one dead and the other living, were tied together with the lariat, while Sally was scattering coal-oil from a five-gallon can, which stood for retail near the open door.

Sykes, seeing a twenty-five-pound canister of gunpowder under the counter, placed it near the two men, and regardless of the entreaties of Fisher, he ignited some dry goods which had been thoroughly soaked with the oil, and coolly closed the door.

The three mounted their horses, and by the time they had ridden half a mile, the whole building was enveloped in flames.

They waited a few minutes, and were somewhat anxious to know the result, as the people of the little town were running in all directions, crying "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

At last a loud explosion was heard, and the three knew that all traces had been removed, for they could see that nothing but a few fragments remained.

It was reported that the store had caught fire in some unaccountable way, but the ignorant Mormons did not fail to believe that the burning of the "gentile outfit" was the work of the Lord.

Our next chapter will give the "true inwardness" of this affair.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN APOSTLE'S WIFE. The Presidentess of a "Female Relief Society." Pre-natal influence. How they cover up tracks. The influence of Mission Churches.

Harry Sykes was the son of a Bishop of a neighboring settlement, and true to the instincts of his lecherous father, who was the proprietor of five buxom women of three or four different nationalities, he had made himself very officious among the young sisters, and as a result of his intimacy, several of them were led into trouble.

He had become so notorious in this line that even Mormon sensibilities were shocked, and the young man had been told in the "Seventies Quorum," to which he belonged, that he must reform. The advice given to him was, to "marry three or four girls, and that will keep you from getting into these scrapes all the time." Coming, as it did, directly from the highest authority in the "Stake," Harry weighed the advice in his mind, and at times thought of adopting it, but he felt that such restraint might be more or less irksome, and he deferred marriage.

Nothing could have saved him from the vengeance of the priesthood, but the fact that he was a Bishop's son. Harry took advantage of this fact, and continued his wild pranks,

until he was caught in a dilemma which seemed too great for even his strategy to escape from.

It came about in this wise: A member of the "Twelve Apostles" became enamored of a young girl whose beauty had fascinated him, and he had arranged to make her his seventh wife. All went along smoothly until the apostle, just before the intended marriage ceremony, discovered that the girl was *enceinte*. He demanded the origin of the embryotic stranger, and the girl pleaded hard to be excused from disclosing the fact.

The girl endeavored by every means to avoid further talk on the subject, until her ancient admirer declared he would expose her to the "Saints throughout the world," and in addition, he threatened to have her "destroyed in the flesh." She finally persuaded him to allow her a week in which to decide upon her course, and at the end of that time she said she would "tell it all."

The apostle appeared promptly on time, and the grief-stricken girl confessed to him that Tom Hunter, the gentile trader of an adjoining settlement, was the father of the unborn. His fate was at once decided.

In casting around to find suitable parties to "attend to the case," the brother of the girl was the first one thought of, as the Mormon law makes it the duty of the brother to slay the seducer of his sister. It happened just right in this case, for the brother was an experienced hand in such matters. He had never before had occasion to avenge a sister, but his bloodthirsty nature had brought him to the front in many cases which had stained his hands with the blood of his fellow-man.

The girl of whom I now speak was none other than Sally Robson, and the apostle was one who has since proven a very important factor in the "Mormon Problem."

Bill Robson that day received orders to "put out of the way" the young man, Hunter. He was delighted with the task, and Harry Sykes soon declared his willingness to be "in at the death."

The two men accordingly arranged their plans, and when everything was in readiness, the apostle and the Bishop gave them the "blessing of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," and

assured them that their efforts should be crowned with success.

The taking of the girl with them was an afterthought, and in accordance with the suggestion of Harry Sykes. The father of Harry was delighted to think that his son should be "the honored instrument in the hands of the Lord, for the carrying out of His purposes." He declared, on the Sunday prior to the occurrences of the last chapter, that "God has set his hand to the cleaning of the inside of the platter, and the dirty gentiles had better get out of our midst."

Privately, he rejoiced over the fine opportunity presented to his son to redeem favor with the authorities, as at times he had felt a little insecure, as the continued recklessness of Harry was made the subject of the "Priesthood Meetings."

The result of the raid of Bill Robson, Harry Sykes and the girl, Sally, has been narrated, and now comes the secret of the whole affair. The seducer and the father of the innocent unborn was none other but Harry Sykes, the son of the Bishop. His association in this affair was for the purpose of screening himself from the anger of the offended apostle, and the whole scheme had been arranged by him to that end.

Sally was equally anxious to do anything which might palliate her offense in the eyes of the Church; hence her implicit obedience to the instructions of her paramour. They considered themselves very fortunate in being able to place the burden of their guilt upon the unoffending young gentile. By it Harry escaped the responsibility of his last adventure, and made it a stepping-stone to a high place in the Church, while she, by her zeal in avenging her dishonor, had made herself a heroine among the faithful "Latter Day Saints."

Having gone thus far into the incidents in the life of Sally Robson, I will proceed a little further, and show the result of her "devotion to the Church of God."

The apostle did not care to ally himself with her at that time, and accordingly he told her that although he had a very great deal of sympathy for her, he had received a revelation concerning her, which bade him not to marry her until the Lord should so command him.

Realizing her freedom, the intimacy between herself and young Sykes continued.

At the birth of her child, Sally Robson was the recipient of every attention, and her name was in the mouth of every Mormon, old and young, within a hundred miles of the occurrence. It was suggested that the baby should be strangled, and the Bishop went so far as to say in public, that if he had his way, he would see that it was "hung, drawn and quartered;" but he said he knew that the mother's feelings were strong, and "the Lord knows best."

About a year afterwards Harry Sykes married Sally Robson, and for several years he lived happily with her, and all the women said that he was "as kind to the gentile's baby as if it was his own."

Harry married several other wives, and finally died, when Sally was united to the old apostle, who had been so smitten with her years before. She is now one of the chief movers in the "Female Relief Society," and a fervent advocate of the "Celestial Law of Marriage."

Her son, upon whom her horrible murder of young Hunter was pre-natally photographed, is now one of the many terrible young hoodlums of Salt Lake City. His record is an unenviable one, as he has been imprisoned several times, and has been suspected of assassination at least once, with every probability of deep complicity, but his shrewdness caused his escape.

The incident of the burning of the store of Hunter and Fisher would be remembered immediately, were I to give one or two more details; but I forbear, as I have no desire, in this book, to say anything further than what I deem sufficient to awaken a genuine interest in some of these incidents. In a future work I shall give names, dates and localities in corroboration of what I now relate, in addition to much which I shall not even hint at in this volume. In regard to the disappearance of the young men, the explanation was given that they had told several of their friends that business in that town did not pay, and that they intended to go to the mines in Bamack. Bishop Sykes was authority for the fact that they were last seen on horseback, "going to the mines," and he supposed "they had locked up the store and left a lamp burning, and it must have ex-

ploded, setting fire to everything." They were accordingly added to the long list of "missing," and their most intimate friends only "suspected foul play."

All these details I received from Harry Sykes, who was a very intimate acquaintance of mine, in return for confidential revelations on my part. Of the truth there can be no possible question, and I withhold some of the most disgusting details, for decency's sake.

Of Bill Robson it is not necessary to say much in this connection, although he has attained a national reputation among all who have ever given any attention to the doings of the "Destroying Angels" of the Mormon Church.

I will remark, however, at this point, that although I never put the question plainly to him, I am fully convinced that he never knew other than that Tom Hunter was the real seducer of his sister. He has several times told me that he regretted letting Sally kill the man, but he felt that, after all, "they got even on the d—d outfit."

Although young Hunter was often called a Methodist, he had never joined any organization of that nature, as the Methodist Church had not then planted itself in the heathen lands of Utah ; but the young man had used arguments in favor of the progressive character of that dread enemy of Mormonism, and he was accordingly hated as fervently as the regularly ordained ministers of that and other Christian Churches, who to-day carry their lives in their hands to spread the glad tidings of Jesus in Utah.

Often do I ponder over the wonderful influence of the true Gospel, and regret that the situation did not warrant the earlier appearance of the messengers of peace, who, though encumbered and harassed in every way, are doing a work which will bring them a grand reward.

When I look back to my own earlier life, and remember the many wrongs committed by me, I feel very disconsolate, and then, as I to some extent realize the disadvantages of being so far removed from the influences which in later years I trust have been beneficial to me, I say : "God bless the many noble men and women who are preventing others from treading the wicked paths into which my feet were led !"

Could the Christian people universally realize, as they ought to do, the great needs of the Mission Churches estab-

lished in the very heart of Mormonism, every member would pledge himself to aid the cause to the utmost extent of his ability, by contributing largely and continuously, so that there should no longer be felt the need of money and other accessories in the regeneration of this modern Sodom.

CHAPTER XV.

A DEMAND FOR A LEGISLATIVE COMMISSION. Something for Congress to ponder over. Now is the time to settle the question, at once and forever.

That the Government has neglected its duty in regard to the Utah imbroglio, is beyond all question; and now, after having allowed this alien organization to thrive and grow until it has become a national menace, it is important that something of a radical nature be immediately put in force.

There is no security of life or property in any part of the Territory of Utah. Any gentile who happens to say a word that does not agree with Mormon philosophy, is liable to suffer at any moment at the hands of this band of fanatical outlaws, who think of nothing and pray for nothing but the blood of all who are in any sense opposed to them. A man may be as pure as an angel, and conduct himself with the utmost propriety, and yet he will be regarded as a "nuisance," to be abated at the very first opportunity, unless he becomes the slave of the Mormon Church.

Every officer in the government of the Territory is a rabid Mormon, and he obtains his position by virtue of having committed murders and other crimes in the interest of the Church. You may know a man, and think favorably of him as an officer in many respects, and from the treatment he extends to you in most particulars, you may consider him a fair man, but at heart he is a criminal, and without exception he is constantly plotting against your interests and even your life, because he has sworn so to do in the "Endowment House."

There never was a man elected or appointed to any office in the Territory, who had not tied himself to the Church by the commission of some crime, at the bidding of the leaders of the Church. There is no chance for any Mormon to

obtain political prominence unless he murder a gentile, or do something which endears him to the priesthood, as one who can be depended upon to perform any kind of dirty work which may be needed in the furtherance of the plans of Mormonism.

From a policeman to a legislator, the rule holds good. None are elected or appointed for their fitness for the position, but in consideration of the value of the services rendered in furthering the villainy of the priests, who rule the Territory with a "rod of iron."

Congress can certainly no longer hesitate, for the facts have been so thoroughly and ably set forth in the many able articles emanating from the vigorous and thoroughly patriotic pens at work on the gentile papers of the Territory, that there is no longer an excuse.

Martial law should at once be declared, or the entire control of the political affairs taken from the Mormons who now rule, and placed in the hands of loyal American citizens. Let Congress enact a legislative commission of nine or thirteen patriotic men, who are known to be free from Mormon contamination, and give to them complete control of all the affairs of Utah. Let there be no laws enacted by the Mormon Legislature, and no interference in any way with such a commission as is proposed, and the whole Mormon question can be settled in a short time.

It might not be amiss to hang a few of the leading apostles to the telegraph poles on the main streets, and let them swing there as an example to others who dare to advocate this filthy and soul-degrading religion.

Give to this body of loyal men who shall compose the commission unlimited power to adjust all difficulties which may arise with reference to all the manifold phases of Mormonism. The right to vote and the right of trial by jury should be immediately taken from an organized banditti such as the Mormon priesthood is and ever has been.

If a large fund of money be placed at the disposal of this commission, every polygamous wife in the Territory would feel herself free to leave her lecherous spouse, knowing that she would be supported and assisted in caring for her illegitimate offspring, instead of being compelled, as that class

now is, to submit to the degradation and misery which is their lot.

To enforce the decrees of this commission, a large body of United States soldiers should be stationed at Fort Douglas, and not less than two regiments should be quartered in the city of Salt Lake, prepared for any and every emergency.

The commission should be composed of the loyal citizens of Utah, and selected from the leading men who have been in the front of the fight since the first resistance to Mormonism was made. God never made more honest, patriotic and upright men than the leading gentiles of Salt Lake City and other parts of the Territory. They have unflinchingly held the fort, and defiantly stood firm in the defence of virtue, loyalty and all that makes up American manhood. They have worked without fear, favor or hope of reward, and have stood shoulder to shoulder in dangerous times and under the most unfavorable circumstances, always defending and upholding the honor and dignity of American institutions, in the very heart of this worse than African slavery and lust.

These men should be rewarded. Many of them came to Utah wealthy, full of life and vigor, and full of that inestimable patriotism which cannot be swayed by dangers or temptations. They set themselves earnestly to work, regardless of every material comfort, and of all that goes to make life pleasant and profitable, for the purpose of refining and elevating the moral tone of the community, and many a patriot has paid for his temerity with his heart's blood. Hundreds have fallen at the orders of the priesthood, and, stabbed in the back or penetrated with the deadly bullet, they have found graves in secluded nooks, such as ravines and other out-of-the-way places, there to rest until the day of judgment—until the fulfillment of that awful sentence, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord."

With the innocent victims of the Mountain Meadows Massacre sleep hundreds of others, who have died martyrs to the cause of America's principles—martyrs to the cause of progress, of woman's elevation and social equality.

It is sickening to think that in this great country, based as it is on the broadest and most enlightened statecraft the world ever possessed, there is in its very heart a canker-worm

which is eating its very vitals ; a wolf gnawing at the life of the nation ; a serpent stinging the hand of the benefactor of the miserable creatures who make up the great mass of alien Mormonism.

Not one in twenty knows anything of the institutions of liberty, and nearly all of them are slaves to the priesthood, to lust, ignorance and depravity. A blight, a pestilence, or any calamity which would depopulate the Territory of Utah, leaving not a Mormon to tell the tale, would be the greatest blessing that an all-wise Providence could confer upon this nation.

The thousands of degraded women and the illegitimate children would shout "Hosannah !" if the Government of the United States would do its simple duty—crush out every vestige of power from every person who claimed to be a Mormon, or in sympathy with Mormon institutions.

There must be no further temporizing with this horrible monster. The honor, dignity, peace, security and future progress of the United States depend upon a speedy adjustment of this filthy plague-spot. It is the seat of every trouble, and is the progenitor of everything immoral in the whole country. The numerous divorces, the large number of cases of marital infidelity, the general social degradation of the entire nation is mainly due to the unhallowed influence of this foul and diabolical plot against the virtue of women and the honor of our race.

So long as any rights are granted to a Mormon, so long will the evil exist. They are bound together by the most terrible oaths, and the spirit of self-protection among them is so strong that mutual interests make them much more formidable than those who do not know them would ever imagine to be possible. They must be crushed at all hazards, as every day adds to the complications and perplexity of the situation. Every day simple-minded women are sacrificed on the altar of lust, and their progeny cursed forever. Every day they become bolder, stronger and more defiant, and less mindful of their obligations to the parent government.

The curse of slavery has been effaced from the national history, and yet this monster, grinning defiantly, is allowed to feed and fatten upon the indecision of Congress. Polyg-

amy and the attendant Mormonism is so much worse than African slavery, that a comparison can hardly be instituted. It enslaves the heart, mind, soul and body. Every avenue of the better part of human nature is paralyzed and depraved by the degrading lechery of concubinage. The offspring is cursed in its mother's womb, and the result is, the race of Mormon children is a race of devils. Loathsome to look upon, degraded in mind and heart, filthy in instinct and deficient in intellect, the United States is caring for a nest of vipers, which in a short time will insinuate themselves into the better order of humanity, and poison the life-blood of the universe.

They should be destroyed, root and branch, without mercy. It is an awful thing to contemplate the destruction of a community; but when all peaceable remedies have been exhausted, as they have been in this case, there is nothing left to be done but the creation of a legislative commission to manage them, without regard to their whims and notions, or the issuance of an order of extermination, and the offering of a prize for the head of a Mormon, just as we used to for wolf scalps, when the beasts were so numerous as to be a nuisance.

All maudlin sympathy should now be laid aside. Let us look at the matter coolly, and decide whether it is not an act of magnanimity to annihilate them now, rather than to wait and allow them to strengthen, and make the execution of the necessary destruction more difficult and deplorable.

The crisis has come ; we must face it.

Mormonism must go !

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DANGERS OF "PROSPECTING" IN UTAH. The fate of Dennis and his companion. Pyrites.

Utah is a rich and fertile section of the United States. It abounds with rich grain fields, fine water privileges, rich pasturage and valuable minerals of every kind and character.

It has not been even prospected in the agricultural or mineral resources. The Mormons have done everything they could to prevent the growth of the country, so as to

keep out the gentiles. Their method of farming is a farce. They are constitutionally lazy, and they consequently seize upon the easiest methods of securing a crop—whether poor or liberal seems to be a matter of small importance to them, as they have no ambition whatever. It would make an intelligent farmer laugh to see the silly and inappropriate methods in general use among the farmers of Utah.

So long as they do not actually starve to death, they declare God has blessed them, and at times it would appear to be the case, for they are not entitled to expect the raising of any crop under such incapable management.

Ten per cent. of the number of gentile farmers, on the same land, would produce more than all the Mormons, who scratch and tinker on their land like old hens, whose chickens get more clucking than food.

Their homes are the very acme of an exhibition of squalid poverty. They seem to have no idea of the conveniences of life. So long as they get a place to sleep, and enough food to keep them from starving, they praise Zion and thank the Giver of All Good for His mercies.

In regard to the mineral development, the Mormons were determined that no person should ever take out of the mountains, or elsewhere in the Territory, any valuable minerals, because they feared the influx of gentiles. Many a hardy miner has been buried in his prospect hole and covered up with his dump to prevent the natural outgrowth of the excitement which the discovery of valuable mines would create.

In regard to the difficulties and dangers of mining, I will relate an instance, which will serve to illustrate a full line of similar cases.

One Dennis Flynn had driven a mule team across the plains, and although he was a devout Catholic, he was a wild kind of a fellow, in that he loved a little whisky and delighted in singing an Irish song. He had intended to go through to California, but it so happened that the train to which he was attached was partially sold out in Salt Lake City, and Dennis remained as a consequence thereof.

Dennis had heard a good deal of the good hunting which was to be had within a few miles of Salt Lake City, and one day he purchased a rusty old "yauger" of a Mormon gun-

smith, who charged him forty-five dollars. The same kind of a weapon could now be purchased for a couple of dollars. Dennis started out early, thinking to find a deer, and return the same evening; but in wandering along in one of the cañons, he lost himself, and remained alone in the mountains until the next day.

Almost dead with hunger and exposure, he was returning, footsore and weary, when his eye caught some glittering mineral, and in a moment Dennis forgot his troubles. Seizing his gun, he used the stock as a bludgeon, and in a little while he had secured several pounds of the coveted treasure, and stuffing it into his pockets, he resumed his march. He was so elated with the discovery that he never thought to take notice of the location, so that all he had gained by his wonderful luck was the small quantity which he carried in his pockets.

As he neared the city that afternoon, he was accosted by a number of Mormon spies, who evidently suspected him of some sinister design, but as he quietly strolled along, he succeeded in gaining his lodgings without serious altercation.

When he reached home, he handed a small piece of the gold to the woman of the house, telling her she might keep it, as he had "plenty of it." Her face turned pale as she said: "You mustn't say a word about this, or your life ain't worth a cent here. Orders have gone out to kill every man, Mormon or gentile, who finds any gold or silver around here."

Dennis laughed, but as the woman repeated her words and looked so seriously when she said, "They killed my poor brother Tom for the same thing," that he concluded it was best to say nothing about it. The next day, however, when walking up the main street of the city, he purchased a plug of tobacco, and pulled out a piece of the gold to pay for it. The keeper of the little store—a Mormon, of course—asked him where he got it. He coolly replied: "Oh, within a moile or two;" and forgetting all about the matter, he went about his business. He had occasion to buy other articles, and in several other instances he was questioned suspiciously as to where he had procured it.

Being somewhat annoyed at the continued questions, he told one man that it was "nobody's business." This led to

further talk, and before Dennis could realize the situation, he was seized from behind the counter and bound, hand and foot, by a party of Danites, who had been watching his movements.

The poor fellow was soon rendered totally helpless, and pushed through a trap-door into the cellar, and guarded by two men, who condescended to tell him that he had forfeited his life by "digging for gold against the orders of the Church."

Dennis begged to be released, and promised that he never would touch a bit of the stuff again; but he had to remain until the Bishop of the Ward came, with several of the High Priests, and after assuring themselves that Dennis could never find the place again, they agreed to spare his life, on condition that he remained silent in regard to his discovery.

Accordingly he was allowed his liberty, and in a few days the thoughts of the treasure almost crazed him. He determined to find the place again, and accordingly, after night-fall, he quietly sauntered along in the direction of the cañon which he had before explored, and having stowed away a little food, he vowed not to return until he had again feasted his eyes on the treasure.

Dennis at last found it, and secreting as much as possible about his person, he erected piles of stones and other signs by which he would be enabled to find the spot again.

As he was walking along, thinking of the many wonderful enterprises which he intended to inaugurate with the unlimited wealth which he had discovered, a bullet struck the stock of his gun, and cut off, at the same time two of the fingers of his right hand. It had been well aimed at his head, but happened to miss by only a few inches.

He quickly glanced in every direction, but no one could be seen, and thinking it must have been a stray missile fired at a deer, he endeavored to stanch the flow of blood, and quickened his pace so as to get assistance.

He had gone but a short distance, when another bullet came flying past him, and almost before he could realize it, still another, each of them in dangerous proximity to his person. At this juncture he yelled, with all his might: "Ye bloody villains! phat are ye about?"

The only answer was another bullet, which suggested to Dennis the advisability of an effort to screen himself. He threw himself on the ground, and at that instant another bullet buried itself immediately behind him.

Taking fright at these continual dangers, he ran toward the mouth of the cañon, and in a few minutes the firing ceased, so that he escaped further injury. When he reached home, he explained the loss of his fingers by saying that his gun went off accidentally, so that no person knew of his attempted assassination, except those in the plot.

A few days afterward, he made a confidant of a young Welshman, whose acquaintance he had made on the street, and they agreed to become "partners" in everything.

Together they "prospected" for awhile, and then Dennis led him to the great discovery. The Welshman expressed some doubts of the value of the mine, and endeavored to urge Dennis to go with him to a part of the country where the prospects were richer, but Dennis would not leave.

Further than this I had no means of learning, other than that their dead bodies were found, filled with bullets, not far from the famous mine, which Dennis had entitled "The Harp of Erin." A particularly intimate friend secured for me a piece of paper which had been nailed near the place of location. It read as follows :

TAIK NOATIS !

Theas tew fellows hunted fer goald,
and they got lead insted.

Look out yew dam gentiles
this country belungs to us, and
hell akross lots is whot you will
get. Noa mining here.
by ordre of

DAN AND HIS BROTHERS.

Look out ! Taik notis ! Look out !

The original of the above I have in my possession, and the marks of bloody fingers are as plain now as when, twenty years since, the deed was done.

The terrible fate of these poor fellows had the desired effect, and prevented many others from daring to attempt the discovery of gold and silver.

I had occasion to visit the spot on which the assassination occurred, and was surprised when I finally saw that they and

their murderers alike had made the egregious blunder of supposing that a great gold mine had been discovered, when nothing was there but iron pyrites.

Millions of tons of this comparatively valueless mineral may be had in the mountains of Utah, at about the same price as gravel; and when I reflected on the awful consequences, the pyrites seemed more worthless than ever.

The leaders of the Church thought it was gold, and for the unpardonable crime of mining, these men were doomed to death by the bloodthirsty priests, who claimed everything for themselves.

Oh, what horrible crimes they have committed! What fearful retribution awaits them!

The Lord will smite them, hip and thigh.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS. The noble women of America. The establishment of industrial homes. A demand for the destruction of Mormonism, complete and entire.

At last, it seems, the people of the United States are waking up to a sense of their responsibilities with reference to the Mormon question, and there is strong showing of a determination to wipe out this disgraceful plague-spot.

There is no redeeming quality in the Mormon Church or its people, and the folly of temporizing with this evil is now clearly manifest.

The voice of the clergy is unanimous in declaring that the military arm of the nation should at once be used to strike a forcible blow at this fearful beast of the West.

The time has assuredly arrived when, at any cost, the Mormon power must be crushed out of existence. All sympathy with such heartless rebels is completely wasted, and all time devoted to listening to the appeals of the thousands of paid scribblers who have a few good words to say about their industry, etc., is lost.

The United States must at once and forever stamp the life out of this hydra-headed, defiant devil, or its fast-increasing power will seize by the throat all our republican institutions,

and in a few years reduce the nation to a mere slave-breeding machine.

It is dreadful to contemplate the awful speed with which this repulsive institution is growing. The American people cannot understand the dangers of the situation, or in their loyalty they would place upon the altar their lives, fortunes and sacred honor in pledge for the destruction of Mormonism.

It must be done, and done quickly, and there really does seem some ground for hope when we look around and see the many organizations for the suppression of the evil.

The recent subscribing of large sums of money by the Christian women of America, toward the establishment of industrial houses and houses of refuge, for the benefit of the degraded Mormon women, is very encouraging.

There can be no doubt that thousands of polygamous wives would leave their wretched homes immediately, if they could but see the slightest means of subsistence held out to them by friendly hands.

The building of places where there is a chance for even a night's lodging and a breakfast, free from the espionage of the Mormon Church, will enable thousands of forlorn women to escape from their lecherous and brutal masters. Let it once be known that a woman who leaves the fated den of her diabolical, slave-driving owner can receive a little assistance by the way of shelter and food for herself and children, if even for a few days, and such a revolution will occur as will shake Mormonism to its very centre.

All and every influence must be brought to bear on this cancerous growth, that its blood-poisoning may be checked before it impregnates the whole people.

Already is the baneful influence of this soul-destroying religion making itself felt in the lack of moral tone in the nation.

The marriage tie is now looked upon as a farce by a large proportion of the people of the Eastern and Western States, and it is but natural that such should be the case when the legislators of the country allow the existence of such a degrading example as Mormonism to flourish defiantly.

All sense of virtue will soon die out of the public mind, if we allow this lustful Church to set the pattern, as it is now doing. Thousands, yea, scores of thousands of our young

women sell themselves for gold, with the utmost disregard for social, national and personal consequences. Why? Largely because the foul and filthy religion of the Rocky Mountains has spread its baneful influence like a blight over the moral health of the people of the republic.

Soon will it be said that a virtuous woman cannot be found, if we do not prize them more highly than to allow the libidinous Turks of Mormonism to thus degrade the sex. Our mothers and our sisters cry out in unmistakable tones, demanding that we purify the moral atmosphere at the peril of our lives.

The God of Nature demands that we hold our manhood in higher estimation than to deprave our race by the intermixing of the foul polygamous brood of Mormonism with the noble stock of American manhood. The dead—the immortal dead—appeal to us in voiceless agony, and piteously beg us to defend the honor and purity of their paternity.

The founders of this republic cry out and intercede at the Throne of Grace for the purification of our hearts, that we may sense the importance of the trust they imposed in us. They plead for our enlightenment, that we may see and sense the danger of the times, fearing that in our lethargy the proudest nation on the earth may find the elements of decay and disgrace.

The glorious spirit of the immortal Washington, as it sheds its halo o'er the land of liberty, is troubled by the manifestations of disregard in this particular. His noble heart must bleed as he glances at the evidences of unfitness in our legislators, who idly allow the teeming corruption of Mormonism to spread its malarial poison amidst the children of his native land.

Though hell itself should be raked, and all its vilest sinners chosen therefrom, none could be found who would excel the viciousness of the Mormon leaders. It would seem that Lucifer himself had selected this heartless band of villains for the purpose of allowing them to illustrate his wondrous hold on humanity; but the great God will stretch out His hand and crush them into powder, if we only do our duty.

Who can retain that respect and love for his native land, which every honest man and patriot desires to have, when

such institutions as Mormonism rear their defiant heads in mocking scorn at the nation's power?

Who has a right to expect his children to grow up in the spirit which made America a glorious orb in the universe of nations, if we allow—indeed, if we foster—such unnatural and outrageous excrescences to fatten on the body politic?

Why did this nation shed the life-blood of half a million citizens in the crushing out of slavery, if it shall continue to encourage the enslaving of women, the mothers of the race?

Polygamy and slavery have been declared the “twin relics of barbarism,” and slavery has been abolished, regardless of cost or consequence; yet polygamy thrives and bids fair to injure the national interests to a greater degree than its twin sister.

America has made herself the laughing-stock of the civilized world, through its foolish policy in the treatment of Mormonism. It is our boast that we are the most enlightened nation on the earth, and it should be our pride to be able to make a good showing; yet the most insignificant may point the finger of scorn at us, and we must “grin and bear it.”

It is enough to make a man ashamed of his native land, when he hears the seditious threats of the Mormon elders in the various meeting-places in Utah, and then is compelled to say: “Well, I can do nothing, and the Government cares nothing.”

The untold wealth of Utah should be developed. All the varied products are needed for the enriching of the nation; all its splendid resources belong to America, and should be laid at the feet of her people, as the reward of honest enterprise. Under the dominance of the hierarchy of Mormonism, this is impossible. These alien land-grabbers have taken all the valuable territory, and use every effort to prevent any development. They are determined to break down the Government and power of the United States, and they care not what means they employ.

Bribery, treachery or murder they are always ready to put in use for the accomplishment of their objects, and their vast experience fits them for every form of villainy. They never surrender a point. They always gain the advantage over

their enemies because of their superior opportunities, which they never fail to utilize.

There is an irrepressible conflict, and of course it must end in the annihilation of the Mormon Church—that most rotten of all the rotten institutions on the face of the earth.

Just when the crushing-out process shall commence depends upon the honor and integrity of the national law-makers. So long as Congress, or any of its members, can be approached by the emissaries of Mormonism, who, with well-filled purses, purchase friendly action, or forestall inimical legislation, so long will this iniquitous banditti remain in power.

Have we no honest men at the head of our Government? Are all corrupt? It cannot be!

Let us hope and work. Let us do anything rather than wait.

Agitation—constant and fierce agitation—is the remedy. We shall eventually break down the strength of Mormon organization. Soon will the walls crumble, and the victory will be ours. Long enough has this vile monster held us in terror and enslaved the heavenly sex, to the degradation of the entire human race.

Now we will march onward to victory; onward to the speedy establishment of national decency; onward to the annihilation of the devil incarnate—the priesthood of Mormonism.

CONCLUSION.

WHAT SHOULD AND MUST BE DONE. The attention of statesmen demanded. The military should be ready to enforce law.

As this little work must now come to a close, I will give a brief résumé of the best methods for the crushing out of Mormonism.

First let me say that it is utterly ridiculous to talk about doing any good in the case by being friendly toward the religion or the people. It and they are such abominable frauds, that there is no more chance of convincing them than in converting a burglar when you catch him in the act.

The most feasible plans are, therefore, the placing of Utah under the control of the Governor of the Territory, who shall be assisted by a small commission of about the numerical strength of a jury, the whole number to be selected either by Congress or the Governor. Give to this commission unlimited authority, even to awarding capital punishment for any offenses which they may deem wisdom to render odious.

Give them the control of all the military in the Territory, with the right to the use of any part of the army which may be necessary. Let them hear briefly, and determine all offenses, and let the United States Courts be abolished during the supremacy of the rule of the commission. Trial by jury should be refused to every Mormon, and all the ordinary processes of law should be disregarded in this anomalous case.

Let the publication or the advocacy of any proposition inimical to the United States or the commission be the signal for prompt and speedy execution on the public scaffold. Teach these alien rebels what it is to offend the dignity of a nation like ours.

Show them no mercy. Listen to no apology. Let the only object of the commission be the proof of wrong-doing and the immediate dealing out of rigid penalty.

Upon the demand of this commission for documentary or other evidence, make it a capital offense to obstruct the path to the fact. Whether on the part of a lawyer or other person, let none defend them on any technicality. If it can beyond question be shown that they are not guilty, as charged, let them go free, subject, however, to a second investigation, should any new points appear in evidence.

None should escape. Old and young, rich and poor, leaders and laymen, men and women—all should be treated alike.

If the whole colony should be transported to Van Dieman's Land, or any other place, it would be a godsend to the nation; therefore, in consideration of their worthlessness, points may be stretched to fit their cases without any material cause of anxiety or compunction of conscience.

The best and wisest men in all this land have thoroughly investigated the abominable crime of Mormonism, and all

agree that as the Mormons refuse to respect the Government of the United States in a state of peace, they should feel its power when aroused in military anger.

They have tried, and are now trying, to break down the nation; now let the nation break them down.

As we would destroy a pair of vipers before they reproduce their kind, so should we destroy the incestuous nest of Mormonism to prevent the further output of this hell-brood.

When a man is attacked by a venomous serpent, and he realizes that his life is endangered, he hesitates not in regard to the means of destruction. He seizes upon the first and most effective method, and deals out without mercy every available means of disabling and destroying his dread aggressor.

So should and must this nation deal with the outrageous crime of Mormonism. Without regard to the method, the result must be attained. The end will justify the means, no matter how harsh or cruel it may seem.

A Punic proverb here seems apropos.

“EKAWA NEMSETATSY! DEYTALIHINYNA
EBY TON TYSUM TYSEW EHT. GYNIMOCY-
TROF EB DYLUOHYS DYNA DYNAMED NI SYI
MODSIW. ESUYAP LYLIW NEYM ESIWY. NOI-
TULOVYER YA TUOHTIW DEIDEMEYR EB LYLA
NAC SYNOMROYM EHT FO STLUAFF EHYT.
DEIFSITAYS EB LYLIW ROHTUAY EHT NOITA-
GITYSEVYNI ECUDNI DYNA DYNIM CILBUPY
EHYT NI NOITUAYC ECUDORP LYLAHS TI YFI.
SYNOMROYM EHYT TYSNIACAY SRFHYTO TY-
SOM EKIL TYSUJY EILY DETARETYLUDANU
NAY YSI KOOBY SYIHTY.”

Which, being liberally interpreted, is: When a community has incurred the displeasure of the gods, so that its members feel constrained to confess their crimes, to free their minds from the curse of their abominations, then shall the hand of their superiors prevail against them. Disgrace and death await the unjust. The horrors of the lower world are hungry to devour them.

Whether this may have reference to the Mormons or not, there can be no question that many of their members have

been forced, by some unseen power, to confess their crimes to ease their minds.

After having written this book, I feel that my mind is more at ease. I have a consciousness of having done a duty, and now I only await a suitable opportunity to continue in my exposures in courts of law and elsewhere, until I have done my whole duty.

For years I have struggled against my good intentions, and labored to avoid the exposures which I have here made; but some time since an irresistible power seemed to urge me to write, and even now I can scarcely explain how I came to do what I have done.

My readers, in all probability, will hear from me again before long.

It may be as a witness against prominent Mormon criminals, or as the prosecutor in matters almost forgotten; but my work has commenced and must proceed, regardless of where it may lead me, or what may be the result.

In the meantime, I shall not give my enemies an opportunity to take advantage of me.

I have given enough to open the eyes of many, and shall give more ere long.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

THE END.

A BOOK OF HORRORS !
